

# The Grail

## A National Popular Eucharistic Monthly

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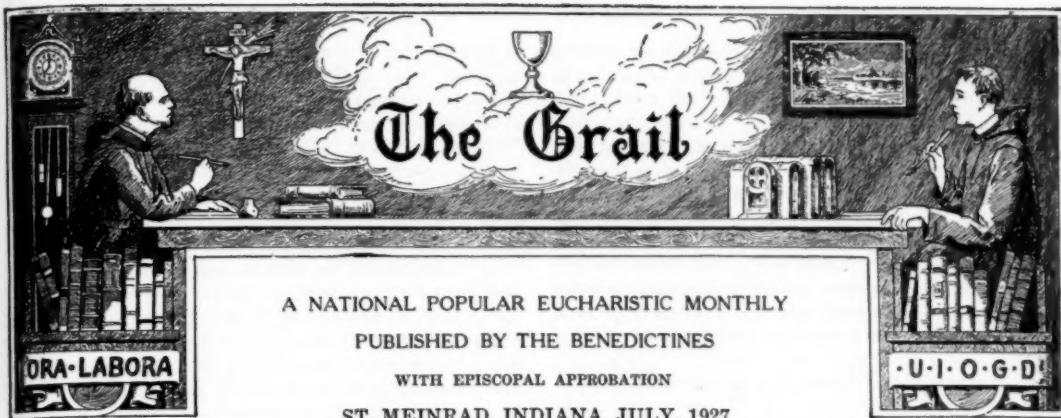
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CHRIST RESTORES LIFE TO THE SON OF THE WIDOW OF NAIM



A NATIONAL POPULAR EUCHARISTIC MONTHLY

PUBLISHED BY THE BENEDICTINES

WITH EPISCOPAL APPROBATION

ST. MEINRAD, INDIANA, JULY, 1927

Official Organ of the INTERNATIONAL EUCHARISTIC LEAGUE FOR THE UNION OF CHRISTENDOM

### *The Church in Mission Lands*

The Church is gradually strengthening her position in heathen lands. Gratifying reports of progress come from various foreign countries. Our priests and religious have carried the torch of Faith to the uttermost parts of the earth, and with but little more than the barest necessities of life, often in dire need, they are, with the grace of God, accomplishing wonders. Not only have numberless natives abandoned idolatry, given up devil worship, and other heathen practices, and embraced the truth, but their children are now forming religious communities or entering the priesthood.

Among other instances that could be cited the Mariannhill Vicariate in South Africa may serve as an example. At the Pius X Seminary, Mariathal, Ixopo, ordinations were conferred in December. Then, on the feast of the Immaculate Conception the first seventeen postulants of the native sisterhood, now forming, entered upon their novitiate at Assisi Convent, Melholumnya. As the church was not large enough to hold the great concourse of natives who assembled to see so singular an event, the first of its kind in that mission district, Bishop Fleischer performed the impressive ceremonies on the veranda at the west door of the church. The postulants in bridal veils expressed their desire to embrace the rule of St. Francis. The habits were blessed and the novices were clothed in the white habits and veils. In the Mass that followed the new novices received Holy Communion. At the time of the investing there were seven postulants and thirty candidates waiting to be admitted to the novitiate. God is blessing the labors of His servants in distant mission fields. It is becoming that we who keep the home fires burning also do our share towards the ultimate success of these missions by spiritual and temporal alms.

Yet, despite these successes, the number that knows not God, even among civilized peoples, is vast almost beyond reckoning. According to recent estimates only a little over one third of the human race professes to be Christian, while less than one fifth is Catholic. Non-

Christians, which includes the Jews, together with the sects, form those "other sheep" that the Savior wishes to have gathered into His Fold—the Church.

To help bring about this happy result is the grand object of the International Eucharistic League for the Union of Christendom. That all Catholics may live in union and harmony, it matters not what the race, or nation, or color; that all non-Catholic Christians may return to unity; that all non-Christians may be incorporated in the Church—this is the purpose of the League. To attain this object members of the League will make a brief offering each day of all the Masses and Holy Communion of the whole world; they will also receive an occasional Holy Communion and assist at Mass now and then for this intention. There are no other obligations, no fees, no collections. Application for membership may be made to the editor of *THE GRAIL*.

### *Fleeing Acadians*

The inhabitants of the lower Mississippi Valley have gone through harrowing experiences in the past two months. Driven from their homes by the worst flood recorded in the history of the Mississippi, the refugees have been forced to seek an asylum wherever they might. The most of the homeless are living in tents. Many bishops have had collections taken up in their dioceses for the benefit of the sufferers. Money and clothing have been sent from all quarters. It is calamities such as this that makes the whole world feel akin.

St. Martin's Parish (or county), Louisiana, which is under water, is the home of the descendants of those Acadians who, exiled by the British from their peaceful homes in Nova Scotia nearly 200 years ago, settled in Louisiana. The story of the trials and the wanderings of the ancient Acadians has been beautifully and pathetically told by Longfellow in his *Evangeline*.

The Acadians of Louisiana, the offspring of those sturdy French pioneers, still cling to the mother tongue and the religion of their ancestors. This could have

been seen at Lafayette, La., on Pentecost Sunday, June 5, when Bishop Jeanmard of that city surrounded by 15,000 tent dwellers celebrated Pontifical High Mass at the grandstand of the baseball park. The Cathedral choir sang the Mass, but "the First Communion children of last year's class had special places around the platform on which stood the altar, and sang the quaint, soul-stirring French hymns in use in the old Louisiana churches since their foundation." The Very Rev. Canon Joseph Peeters, of St. Martinsville, in an eloquent sermon reminded his hearers of the misfortunes bravely borne by their forefathers, and exhorted them to seek, as they had done, consolation in their religion.

### Catholic Editors See Savannah

The editors of the Catholic press convened in May at Savannah, a southern city which has many points of historic interest. Monuments at almost every turn remind one of great men and heroic deeds. The palmetto-lined streets, large business houses, and beautiful dwellings are indicative both of the South and of thrift. Tybee Beach nearby is an attractive summer resort. But it was the genuine hospitality of the South that captivated the North. Everybody beamed a hearty welcome to the visitor, even the conductor on the train who passed through our car as we approached Savannah did not forget to greet us with a cheerful smile and a hearty "Good morning!"

Reception committees met the delegates at the trains and conducted them to the hotel; the city accorded the convention an official welcome; the president of the Georgia Press Association bespoke the welcome of the press; Bishop Keyes voiced his welcome and that of the South.

This welcome to Savannah and to the South was "whole-hearted and cordial; the editors have never been more splendidly received anywhere," as is stated editorially in *The Bulletin*, the official organ of the Catholic Laymen's Association of Georgia, an association that has done so much to enlighten the ignorant with respect to things Catholic and to allay bigotry, a daughter of ignorance.

### WAS THE CONVENTION A SUCCESS?

"The convention," says *The Bulletin*, "proved to be all it was hoped it would be, and a great deal more." It was the general opinion of the delegates that the Savannah convention was one of the most satisfactory and enthusiastic meetings in the history of the association. *The Bulletin* says it had hoped for a most successful convention, and adds that its most optimistic ambition was more than realized. Some very able papers were read and discussed. Though not on the program, Hon. Pleasant A. Stovall, former United States Minister to Switzerland, who represented the Georgia Press Association, had an excellent paper of reminiscences of his association in bygone years with James R. Randall, Catholic journalist and poet. "The Standard of a Catholic Magazine," by Mary A. Synon, and "The Fiction in the Catholic Magazine," by Rev. Claude

Pernin, S. J., were two able papers that appealed especially to the magazine section. "Mobilizing Catholic Thought," an excellent paper by Richard Reid, "Parochialism and the Press," by Rev. H. F. Cassidy, and "Getting and Featuring the Facts," by Patrick F. Scanlon, had particular reference to the Catholic weekly.

It is greatly to be deplored that the splendid papers read each year at the conventions are like rare flowers that charm by their beauty and their fragrance and then disappear to be seen no more. The suggestions and advice offered in these papers that have been prepared with diligent thought and great care should be preserved and handed down to posterity. Many who are not present at the reading of these papers might also profit by perusing them at their leisure. It would be well for future conventions to perpetuate what cannot but be of benefit to all the members of the C. P. A.

### Catholic Literary Awards Foundation

The outstanding feature of the seventeenth annual convention of the Catholic Press Association which met at Savannah was the establishment of the Catholic Literary Awards Foundation. This Foundation should provide awards each year for the most meritorious literary efforts of Catholics. In order to accomplish its purpose the Foundation plans to raise an endowment fund of \$50,000 by recruiting 500 life members of the Association at \$100 each. The editors present at the convention agreed to help enlist one or more life members. The proceeds of this fund will provide means for giving awards for the best Catholic literary productions in the way of poems, articles, essays, stories, and books. Such an inducement should encourage Catholics to write.

If any of our readers are interested in the Catholic Literary Awards Foundation, the editor of *THE GRAIL* will be pleased to hear from them. A life member of the Association is one who pays \$100. This he may give at one donation, or in instalments of ten dollars each for ten consecutive months. A folder that explains the purpose of the Catholic Literary Awards Foundation and a blank Application for Life Membership in the Catholic Press Association of the United States and Canada will be gladly sent to those who desire further information.

### Missionaries Dig up the Hatchet

By an INDIAN MISSIONARY

**M**ISSIONARIES are a class of people who are laboring against great odds. They are way out on the frontier, away from civilization, away from their friends and away from publicity. Their conditions, their difficulties, and problems are practically unknown to other people. They realize that the expansion of the Church depends greatly on them. The missionary, as it were, drives back the wild game and cleans the forest for establishing the parishes of the future. He is brought into contact with every element of human life and he faces problems that are not

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known in parochial circles. Moreover, the missionary must have a keen development, and lay the foundation so that in due time the proper results will come. Everyone, who has visited the missions and has intelligently studied these things, will say that the task of the missionary is not an enviable one.

The missionary has a right to all the encouragement he can get. He needs it. Many a time a kindly word or a bit of encouragement keeps away the "last straw" which would crush his spirits. Missionaries are human, and it is the way of human nature when it faces severe trials and labors, to be inclined to back down. Thank Heaven that Holy Church has produced leaders and others among her children who have realized this fact. These bishops, these priests, and these laymen have saved the missionary many a time. On the other hand, there are men who have failed to realize the meaning of the world "mission" who have no time and no helping hand for the missionary. There are even enterprises which have begun with the very purpose of helping the missions and in one way or another, seem to have got side-tracked from their very purpose. Supposing, for instance, an agency is established for collecting funds for missions. But suppose, as time goes on, this collecting agency allows the idea to creep in that it ought to be the *sole* collecting agency for the missions, and that *all* contributions should be sent in through it as the only recognized and approved medium. From that day on that collecting agency would begin to undo itself and it would tend to the extinction, rather than the extension, of the Church in the mission field. For people are so constituted that they will give where and as they please; which is right, for charity is by its very nature free. You cannot oversystematize charity. The result would be simply taxation, and we all know that we have enough taxation. There has been a growing tendency among some of our Church collecting agencies in the United States to acquire exclusive rights over collecting for the missions. Much has been said about this tendency and the last word has not yet been spoken. Thus far in this matter the missionary has scarcely been consulted. We are apt to become too theoretical, too ideal, and lose sight of cold facts as they are and will be. Could any collecting agency provide the missionary satisfactorily, that would be ideal. But experienced men in the Church, and the missionary above all, know that the thing will not work out. The missionary knows that more than half of the money supplied to the missions of this country comes from individual appeals rather than from the appeals sent out by general collecting agencies. And many missionaries, too, realize fully that their entire hopes for the existence and development of their work, lie not with the general collecting agencies, but with their own individual appeal. In other words, were a general collecting agency to take over the entire task of collecting funds for the missions, more than half of the missions of our country would shut down to-morrow. We must not begin a good work by destroying a greater one that already has been established. Plants are not propagated by uprooting those that already exist. The

general collecting agency is a good thing, but so also is the individual appeal. Both are prompted by the same motive and the authority behind both is the same.

Success flushes. And the success of a collecting agency in gathering funds for the missions may flush to such an extent that its leaders may soon begin to think that they alone should be the collecting medium for all works of charity. When this idea takes possession, then destruction commences; the process of extension wanes, and extinction begins. There should be perfect harmony between the general collecting agency and those who appeal individually. Our people should neither be hampered in giving directly to a cause which they know to be worthy nor should they be hindered in sending their contributions through the medium of a collecting agency, if the worthiness of the cause seem doubtful to them. It is possible for a collecting agency even to lose sight of the very purpose for which its work was organized,—the very end for which the blessing of success was given it. We seem to have a concrete instance of this, as it appeared last month in a little pamphlet sent out by a certain collecting agency. A paragraph in this pamphlet, hastily and thoughtlessly (we charitably suppose) written, will, without doubt, do heavy damage to mission work and will even act as a boomerang to undo the good work of its authors. We shall give our readers every word of this article, sentence after sentence, and shall analyze it from the view point of the missionary, who certainly knows the problem. The text of the above mentioned article will follow in italics:

(Continued on page 134)

### Steps to the Altar

DOM HUGH G. BEVENOT, O. S. B., B. A.

#### 7. In Memoriam

The pulse beats high, out-looks are wide  
During youth's laughter-loving days;  
Home joys increase,—will not always  
The future swell this happy tide?

Yet the dark numbing hand of Death  
Dispelled the mirage from his mind,  
As Dennis came one day—to find  
Father was breathing his last breath!

That noble heart now shrouds the pall  
That shielding hand is stark and cold;—  
Hark, how the wind moans o'er the wold  
As the oak totters to its fall!

"Father, Who art in heav'n, bestow  
Thy loving-kindness on the dead,  
And heed the Gifts divine we spread  
On altar-stone to end his woe.

"His sands ran well in life's brief spell;  
May he live on in angel-time!  
And may they answer with sweet chime  
The tolling of his passing-bell!"

## A Fourth of July Jaunt

ANSELM SCHAAF, O. S. B.

**T**HIS is the Fourth of July, mother," called out Larry Clarke as he poured a bucket of water into the radiator of his Chevrolet. "Everybody is out for a 'spin.' What shall be our destination?"

"I have no particular choice, Larry," replied the mother in a most endearing manner, "but why not make it St. Albans?"

"That's the ticket, mother," the son exclaimed with evident satisfaction. "I haven't seen Joey Hern since he is Frater Rembert."

"In that event," the mother added, "let us invite Father Gilbert along."

"Father is going to St. Albans," Larry assured her, "but he has made arrangements with Ted Jackson. However, I shall phone to ask him to await us when we get there."

"Look there, mother, ahead of us!" cried the young man with enthusiasm, as their car emerged from the deep cut in the straight road. "What a grand sight is the abbey perched on the crest of the little mount. It is like one of those old time mansions you read about. Doesn't it remind you of a little city? Yes, I remember now that some called it the little 'city of God.' See those two stately towers topped off by their glittering crosses of shining gold, well-nigh piercing the clouds. They almost seem to say aloud: 'Come, let us go to heaven.'"

"Hold your nerves, son. Remember, you are at the wheel," cautioned the ever-wearied mother.

"What's that?" Larry began to rave again. "Listen to those melodious bells. How far their sound carries. Indeed they are like angels' trumpets. There must be afternoon service here."

"We shall see," said the mother herself greatly interested.

"What a queer church!" thought the youth as he entered the sacred edifice. "Those are strange pews near the altar. How can a person kneel in them anyhow?"

"Click!" A side door opened.

"Ah!" escaped from Larry's lips. "There's Frater Rembert," he whispered as he nudged his mother.

Yes, there he was among the youthful monks who were marching into the sanctuary, genuflecting before the high altar two by two, filing down the chancel, bowing reverently one to another before taking their respective places in the choir stalls. There were juniors of timid

gait; there were more stalwart, self-possessed, yet none the less reverent, monks; there were those whose glittering crowns or those whose crest besprinkled with gray proved that they were no longer in their youth; there were whose fully bleached hair marked them as the nestors of the monastery. Last of all came he whose very personality left no doubt that he was the father of the community.

A tap reechoed and all knelt in silent prayer. There was another tap and all stood with bowed head, again in silent prayer. Next, all turned simultaneously towards the altar and immediately there followed that not unfamiliar invocation: "*Deus in adjutorium meum intende—God make haste to help me.*" This pious supplication was taken up by thirty or more manly voices and not only wafted to and fro throughout the spacious edifice, not only laid gently at the foot of the tabernacle where dwells Christ the King, but its echo must have been caught up by angel choirs that carried it to the very throne of the Most High. How reverently those monks bowed when they chanted the "Gloria Patri" in honor of the most Holy Trinity.

"What is that now? Whose voice do I hear?" thought Larry. "Sure enough it is Frater Rembert's—Joey Hern's—own voice. He is reciting a psalm. How I envy him. I know the words too: 'Dixit Dominus Domino meo.'"

Then verse alternated with verse from side to side; the bows were repeated at almost regular intervals with uniformity and reverence. How impressive was the "Pater Noster" recited by the Father Abbot whilst all listened in silence with bent head and then came a mighty response of the concluding words. Soon the whole choir knelt. "Is it all over now?" Larry was tempted to ask when the "Salve Regina" was intoned and carried to its end with the same solemn, measured movement which characterized the whole service. Finally there was another tap and all arose as if they were but one man. Two by two they filed out as they had marched in and once more all was silent.

"Is this a dream or a reality?" was the question which Father Gilbert read on the face of Larry and his mother when he entered the nave of the church after vespers. He gave them a sign to follow him.

"What a unique atmosphere!" commented Mrs. Clarke when they had come forth from the house of God.

"Yes," said Father Gilbert by way of corrobor-

oration, "this is the experience of all who come here, especially for the first time. Let us now make use of our opportunity to see Frater Rembert."

When the door of the monastic entrance opened there stood Brother Vigilantius. A broad smile of cheer and good humor was in full possession of his face. "Brother, your grip assures me that you are glad to see us."

"I am, Father Gilbert," was the calm reply. "And I thank you for bringing us a new brother." Then turning to Mrs. Clarke, he continued: "I presume that his mother came along to bring her son as if by special delivery. I think my cowl would just fit him."

Larry blushed deeply; dismay was painted on Mrs. Clarke's countenance, whilst Father Gilbert threw an inquiring smile at the youth.

The good Brother then learned from Father Gilbert the immediate purpose of their visit and was soon off, leaving his musical "Very well" reecho in the room.

Larry in the meantime had regained his self-possession and expressed his surprise: "I didn't know but what I might have to kneel down on meeting the first monk and say the 'Our Father' as I used to do for Santa Claus on Christmas Eve, but I wasn't ready for such

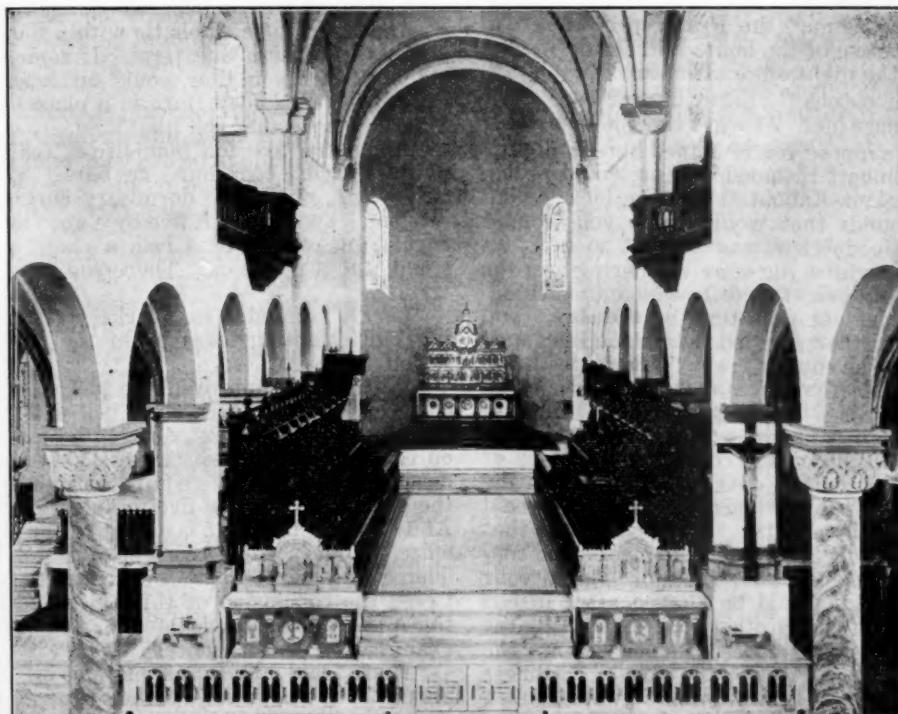
a reception. Why he almost took me off my feet."

"Your thought of prayer on such an occasion is not so ridiculous as you think," Father Gilbert remarked by way of information. "That's really St. Benedict's spirit. When visitors arrive at the monastery they first pray with the monks and then enjoy their hospitality."

There was a silent knock at the door. In came Frater Rembert with a smile not a whit narrower than that of Brother Vigilantius had been. After greetings had been exchanged a veritable bombardment began.

Larry leveled the first gun: "Why is it that everyone of you is so cheerful here?"

"You see that door," Frater Rembert responded, pointing to the word 'Pax' (Peace) set into the center of the glass. "When I crossed that threshold to enter the novitiate, a strange sensation crept over me. I was greeted by that word. I there and then bade farewell to the worries and anxieties of the world: 'If I fall in love with you again,' said I, 'it is my fault, it is my weakness.' Passing on through the parlor, into the enclosure proper, my feelings were deepened by that solemn, imposing silence that held sway there. The high massive corridor walls, as though they were not yet sure



SANCTUARY WITH MONKS' CHOIR—ST. MEINRAD ABBEY CHURCH

of me, seemed to go 'sh-sh-sh.' All this had a most soothing effect upon me. The calm and tranquility of soul rather grew with time in spite of the little difficulties which could not help but rise now and then."

"Frater Rembert," Father Gilbert felt constrained to interpose, "these sentiments give me more joy than you can imagine." The priest then left them to themselves for a while.

"Now," spoke up Larry again, "I feel more free to make you undergo a cross-examination at my tribunal and my mother is going to assist me too."

"Cross-examine all you will," encouraged the cleric.

"I think I ought to have the precedence," insisted Mrs. Clarke. "How many hours do you spend daily in those pews in the church?"

"Well," demurred the Frater somewhat, "I have never taken the pains to add them all together. I am only conscious of my obligation to see to the 'how well' I assist at choir in them."

"Does the time really run into hours?" came back as a surprise from the good woman.

"Larry used to be good in mathematics. Let him take his pencil and notebook."

Larry didn't know whether this hint was a compliment or not. At any rate he prepared for his problem.

"At four a. m.," the Frater proceeded, "at the very stroke of the hour, summer or winter, we begin the night office of matins."

"At four o'clock!" Larry blurted out. "Gee whiz! excuse me! At what time do you rise?"

"Let us suppose you remained here to-night," Frater Rembert resumed. "You would probably be awakened about 3:40 a. m. by a repetition of sounds that would make you wonder why the woodpecker was astir at so early an hour. And whilst you were wondering how the naughty bird ever found its way into such sacred precincts at that time of the day, you might be further startled by the loud peals of the bells in the church tower five minutes later. Your possible fear of a raging fire would be increased by the brilliancy breaking through your transom from the now lighted corridors, and by the echo of the recurring footsteps of those moving swiftly over your head all in the same direction. The chances are that you would rush out to investigate. But supposing that you would await further developments, and consequently remain in your room or even in your bed, your fears would be allayed after fifteen minutes when the Brother, the sentinel of the bell tower, would impose silence upon the tongues of his children, the bells. Stillness would then again reign, unless it were broken by the distant voices escaping from the monastic choir of the church or from the oratory

the Brothers near by. You would doze away once more only to be aroused a second time by that ever-noisome bell. You might be tempted to quote Edgar Allan Poe's 'Bells, bells, bells!' But probably you would look at your watch and find the hour hand pointing to six or nearly so whilst the minute hand would be lying over eleven. By this time we should have recited office of Matins and Lauds during one hour or even a longer period,—sometimes even one and one half hours—received Holy Communion and made our thanksgiving, spent thirty minutes or thereabouts at meditation."

"But, Frater, you haven't told us yet what the second bell is for," Larry hinted.

"I almost forgot," was the cleric's apology. "That bell at six calls us to Prime, the second part of our office, which requires about twenty minutes for its recitation."

"It would seem," interrupted Larry's mother, "that you could stand breakfast ere long. You have been at your task since 3:40."

"Yes," affirmed Frater Rembert, "and the rule provides for it next, too. From the conclusion of Prime to High Mass—and we have High Mass every day—about an hour is allotted for breakfast and for other little tasks such as the ordering of our cells, the making of our beds, and the like."

"Cells!" Larry whispered—it was the only way he dared to be emphatic within the cloister walls. "Don't use that term. If some of your old pals heard you, they would surely say: 'The Pope has locked Joey Hern in a place like Sing Sing.' What's that cell like?"

"Ah! You are too inquisitive," chided the Frater. "Our cells have no bars. They are only parts of a large dormitory curtained off into small spaces about five by eight feet. Their furnishing consist of a bed, a chair, a washstand, and a prie-dieu. There you have the inventory."

"Larry," hinted Mrs. Clarke you are drawing our attention away from the choir with which we began."

"Very well," approved the cleric. "Let us come back to the choir. The bell at 7:30 summons us to Tierce, Sext, and High Mass, which on higher feasts is assisted by deacon and sub-deacon. This service requires our presence in the church from forty-five minutes to an hour. At 11:45 we finish the last part of the morning office, None, which corresponds to Prime, Tierce and Sext. The few moments left between the conclusion of this office and noon—the dinner hour—is devoted to the particular examination of conscience."

"That," said Larry, summoning up, "makes about three full hours in church up to dinner time!"

"But let me finish," insisted Frater Rembert.

"After dinner we return for a brief visit to the Blessed Sacrament. At four o'clock you can find us once more in the choir stalls for Vespers. You know how that goes and how long that takes, some fifteen or twenty minutes. On higher feasts when Vespers are sung fully half an hour is required. At 5:20 the whole community assembles in the nave of the church to say their beads in common. At this exercise about twenty minutes are again consumed whereupon supper is in order. At 7:10 or 7:15 the evening office of Compline, which we always sing, provides for the last choir service of the day. On the heels of this office come the usual night prayers with the general examination of conscience. At 7:45 the superior's gavel gives the signal for the asperges of the night. The blessing being given, each one then retires, or performs private devotions if he wills. Thereafter until breakfast the strictest silence, the great silence, is observed."

"Let me see," broke in Larry reflectingly, "more than one hour since dinner. That amounts to more than four hours. Are all your spiritual exercises performed within the church?"

"No," confirmed Frater Rembert, "our meditation after Communion and our private spiritual reading take place in the study hall; each requires a half hour. So also before Compline there is public spiritual reading in the chapter room for about ten minutes."

"Think of it, Mother," remarked Larry, "these people spend over five hours a day in spiritual exercises, communing with God in prayer, meditation, and pious reading."

"No wonder they are so happy and contented passing as they do so much time with God," replied Mrs. Clarke with a tone of firm conviction.

"To be frank," supplemented Frater Rembert, "counting the various extras the average will easily reach six hours. Besides, our study hall being within a few feet of the door that leads to the side gallery of the church, we can easily slip away any moment to visit our Lord who lives literally next door to us and under the same roof. However, mark well, I want to stress the point that what I am saying is to be no boast. I am whispering it only into your ear because you demanded information. It's to be a strict understanding that you will keep the matter completely under your own hat."

"Oh, Frater, you are going to let the cat out of the bag and mother is here when it all happens," said Larry turning his head teasingly towards Mrs. Clarke. "Now I can't vouch for mother's ability to keep a secret."

Mrs. Clarke smiled back but at the same shook her finger vigorously at her son.

"However," the Frater pursued, "to enable

you to meet, in our regard, the old slogan, 'lazy monks,' I want to add that '*Ora et labora*'—pray and work' is our motto. We go from one to the other: prayer gives us light and strength for our work and our work shows anew the need of prayer. By interrupting our work so frequently and interspersing it with prayer—mostly public prayer, the official prayer of the Church—we endeavor to weave the two together and to make of them a wreath of unbroken prayer."

"But where does your work come in?" inquired Mrs. Clarke.

"We as clerics," assured the Frater, "must make our seminary course as well as the other aspirants to the holy priesthood. Six years at least of study are ahead of us after we pronounce our vows. Therefore you can find us in the class room on the forenoon of every week day from 8:45 to 11:30. In the afternoons of Mondays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays we are there again from 2:00 to 3:45. This class attendance presupposes preparation. But one advantage we have over other seminarists is the recollection insisted upon by our state as religious. This fact keeps us more aloof from distractions, puts us more easily in a mood to study, and, generally speaking, enables us to concentrate our minds the better. Besides, now during vacation time we have opportunity to review some of our studies, be it history, Greek, philosophy or any other branch in which one should specialize later on."

"With your enthusiastic recital there is evidently no need of asking you about desires to

(Continued on page 125)

### *Deo Favente*

NELL BRIGGS MORETTI

O Thou with whom there is no death,  
Nor shadow of the shifting sun;  
We, who are creatures of a breath,  
Whose mortal course so soon is done;  
Still dare we trust, though bold it be,  
That we are also one with Thee.

Still dare we trust, although we range  
Through moods we can not call divine,  
Although our words and thoughts are strange,  
And often miss the heavenly sign;  
Through seeming good and ill we see  
That still our hearts incline to Thee.

Our hearts are Thine, and only Thine,  
Whatever outer course we go.  
Our deeper self is still divine  
And draws from Thee its constant flow;  
We find and lose ourselves in Thee,  
Our being and our destiny.

## The Camp Fire for Our Girls

MARGARET A. KELLY

"The girl who lives out doors with wind and trees,  
Who knows the feel of tree trunks, leaves and sod,  
Who wonders at the white sky's mystery,  
And in the forest's stirring lists to God."

**I**N THE present wave of discussion of what is known as the younger generation problem, with the mothers particularly, vainly seeking a solution, the above quoted lines contain the keynote of a wide movement for girls, which is steadily gaining ground and sowing the fertile seeds of a more normal, wholesome, beautiful womanhood.

Throughout the entire country Camp Fire organizations are growing and flourishing under the splendid banner of Service—reaching into the very heart of the homes and radiating its influence into every corner of every community. It is one solution of the ever-recurring girl problem, offering as it does the broadest field for development of the physical and mental needs of the girl of to-day and aiding the spiritual outlook as well, while strongly cementing the ideals of home, the church and social life, in the normal, healthful activities which it sponsors.

From an early age to the time when the budding mind of the young girl is slowly unfolding into the flower of womanhood, with all its yearnings, longings for romance, when pulsing life and ideals are seeking expression—the time when the girl feels most of all that she is the least understood and the problem becomes the difficult one it is to the mothers, then it is that the Camp Fire group offers a salutary outlet for the growing instincts of the girls and helps to implant the higher ideals that make for preparedness for the more critical stage of a normal life.

The supplying of the romantic desires, furthering of the cravings for companionship in the communion of kindred spirits and interests, exercising the love of dramatic expression, the desire for experiences or the sharing of the new ones that come throbbing with renewed life, is met by the Camp Fire in varying degrees and for all types of girlhood, in the measure that she herself is seeking self-revelation.

The art of doing whatever the hands find to do and doing it well, no matter how small the task, and combining it all with a full measure of wholesome good times, is the principle which it endeavors to inculcate into the minds of every member of the organization. More simply stated, it is the getting of joy out of life and out

of the homely task, by putting joy into them.

Orderliness, neatness, thoughtfulness, helpfulness, are qualities developed. Cooperation under careful supervision with a spirit that makes for efficiency is exercised. Great things grow from small beginnings and to learn to do by doing exemplifies the Camp Fire mode of developing the individual. It is education at first hand and in concrete form.

The freedom and cooperation with which all work is accomplished gives vent to the imagination which is provocative of the play spirit, and tends to develop a definite purposeful attitude that plays an all important part in character formation in the broadest sense—and generates a wholesome respect for all tasks both homely and refined, giving zest to the art of living.

As one observes the raw recruit at camp, whether it be the girl from the home of wealth, whose hands have never had contact with the problem of handling dishes, the motherless girl with no training, or the untaught spoiled child from the modern home, as she crudely and awkwardly begins the simple task of making up her cot, putting the tent in order, keeping the clothing clean and the person tidy, the value of the Camp Fire ideals is made doubly apparent.

There is a continual doing of new things, adding flavor, creating inspiration and fulfilling a law of growth. The knowledge of methods imparted, plus real accomplishment, gives the interest that naturally grows with achievement, combined with consequent far-reaching benefits.

The physical well-being of the girls is the paramount aim of the Camp Fire organization toward the attainment of happiness in life. From the time of the setting-up exercises and flag-raising, following the morning dip before the breakfast bell, to the sounding of taps in the evening—cleanliness, outdoor classes and exercises, plenty of sleep, regular and right habits of eating, canoeing, boating, swimming, and woodcrafts, constitute the basis of the health program outlined daily. A systematic code of procedure with day and all-night hikes, out-of-door sleeping, games, sports with attendant responsibilities and fair play are all indulged, and each has its corresponding disciplinary effect.

A democratic spirit is infused into all efforts. The wholesome habits of living, the gain in bodily strength and mental vigor, the ideals of the finer values of life and their application to

one's daily life instilled and given expression in terms of service, round out the aims toward the perfection of the whole.

The happy balance between the outdoor life and the home is always striven for, with stress on the home as the center toward which and from which, all activities ultimately radiate. As an indication of this it may be noted that as high as 700 honors are given for work in the home alone.

From the artistic standpoint the use of symbolism in designs for gowns, head bands, basketry, and other arts, with its richness of color, creative motifs, and imaginative play, opens the pathway to new inspirational ideas.

The Camp Fire activities are divided into seven crafts—Home, Health, Camp, Hand, Nature, Business, and Citizenship or Patriotism—all representing the important and significant things in the education and life of the girls and in the love of nature and of beauty. Thus the girl learns that as one is a part of the great whole, she must live and work for that whole as well as for self.

For the girl who prefers the Home Craft, the activities may include cooking, care of children, care of sick and of animals, laundering, marketing, and social leadership or first aid.

There is a continual doing of new things adding flavor, creating inspiration and fulfilling a

law of growth. The knowledge of methods imparted, plus real accomplishment, gives the interest that naturally grows with achievement, combined with a far-reaching benefit.

And with what joy every girl, from the five-year-old "pewee" so-called, to the senior high school member, bounds forward at the call for swimming or bathing. What wholesome fun is had in the water games and contests, when paddling the boats so many yards forward and back, must be done with only the hands for oars, or diving with extra clothing on and stripping it off quickly under water! Then the victory and honors!

What thrills come from a two-mile or longer hike and the cooking of a meal for the whetted appetite, to be followed with a visit, perhaps, to a half-century old mill in picturesque setting and hear the farmer's tale of the lumber days now gone by, as one watches the rushing headwaters of the river going on to its end, or to learn how the farmers brought their wheat to be ground during the stress of the World War.

And how the girl learns to know and love nature when the word "study" is eliminated. What keen interest is taken in the life of the pitcher plant after a boat-ride to its boggy haunts, where its flowers nod welcome to the insect life seeking sweet nectar, within the pitcher-shaped leaves, only to meet their doom



THE FINDING OF MOSES—PASSION PLAY AT SELZACH, SWITZERLAND

later in the acid sleeping potion contained at the base of the leaves, where the bodies of the insects are digested and give a much-needed element to the plant. What permanence is given to the lesson when a pitcher is split open and the helpless insect body is exposed to view and one learns that like some human beings, the pitcher plant craves a meat diet.

What better lesson could one have than to come upon a cluster of Indian pupes along the trail, sit on the ground beside it and learn its history, then focus one's camera for a permanent keepsake or perhaps take just a specimen to make many blue prints from; thus aiding in conservation and in the preservation of beauty about the camp or habitat. Or again, to find the birds, learn tree lore, or about the reptiles, smaller animals and colorful fungae, or in the cool of evening dwell on the star world, and learn with Shakespeare that there are

"Tongues in trees,  
Sermons in stones,  
Books in running brooks  
And good in everything."

Every Saturday night at camp brings its fun making, when all vie with each other in make-believe acts or dramatic plays. Music is given expression also, arousing enthusiasm in the singing of motion and camp songs or composing new, original ones and passing them on.

All these interests are fostered in individual Camp Fire groups, whether of school, community, church, or other institution to some degree, and then are given expression and advancement along broader lines at the summer camp gatherings.

Love of beauty, simplicity in dress, wholesome thought and living become the constructive ground cemented in the fabric of every girl's life and form the warp and woof of a finer, better womanhood.

Honors and unexpected awards are conferred for tasks well done, investing the activities with a new interest, fostering the artistic sense, the romantic, dramatic and emotional cravings, and thereby creating a deeper sense of responsibility and encouraging a cementing of the bonds which are the underlying principle of all Camp Fire work in the formation of good habits.

The honor awards are conducted as a distinct educational policy and are not won by favor or easy means, but are awarded as a result of good, earnest, honest work and effort, in the things that represent the important and significant part in the education and life of the girls and in the love of nature and beauty. Thus the girls learn that as one is a part of the great whole, one must live and work for that whole as well as for self.

Honors are given only for such duties as tend to take the girls out of themselves and into more activity and for that which functions best in service for others. The honors are so many and so varied that the list contains plenty of things to keep all girls busy wherever they are or whatever their tastes. The very elasticity of the daily program of workable ideas prohibits set routine or rule.

Last but not least—for it is usually the first question considered at the opening Council meeting of every Camp Fire—comes the spiritual phase. Arrangements are made with the pastor of the nearest town church for the attendance at Mass of the Catholic girls. A chaperone is provided from the Councilors, whose duty it is to see that all the girls of that faith are taken in charge and attend services faithfully each Sunday. Transportation is provided regardless of distance.

For the girls of other faiths, an assembly is held at the camp under the supervision of the director.

Right here it may be said, many Catholic young women may find a useful outlet for their talents along welfare lines. It is a relief usually to the director of a camp to have this responsibility of the Catholic girl vested in one who understands best all the attendant requirements. There is always the problem girl present in every camp. There are also those who through neglect in the home life have not learned, perhaps, even the rudiments of their faith, and therefore make no effort to practice it while at camp if the facts are unknown to the director or councilor in charge. There is always the tendency, too, on the part of some girls to be lax occasionally when enjoying a vacation.

On the other hand, the best allies to the Chaperone Councilor are the Catholic girls themselves, who in their companionships and associations at the camp learn of many who otherwise would pass unnoticed.

(Continued on page 114)

### *God's Blueprint*

PLACIDUS KEMPF, O. S. B.

Unrolled before our wondering eyes  
The azure sky, God's blue print, lies.  
The architect of earth and sea  
Thereon has traced a vast design  
In star-gold lines with hand divine,  
With compass of infinity,  
And scale—His own immensity.  
The plan, of Wisdom born, unfolds  
In beauty as He builds and molds;  
His all-creative will the tool supplies  
That out of nothingness doth cause to rise  
The universe, a temple to the Trinity.

## Orphan Stella

From the French of Louise Hautières, by E. R.

### CHAPTER 9

#### A HAPPY RECOVERY

**E**NDOWED with sensibility and firmness of character, Stella had a rectitude of judgment and sense of right and wrong beyond her years. Ever since the events in St. Elizabeth's Church, which were related in the preceding chapter, she was firmly convinced that the lady she had seen was indeed her mother.

Upon her now all the love of her young heart was centered and no matter how kind and devoted anyone else could be, she would never give them the affection her own mother held by right in her heart. These feelings she determined to keep concealed from everyone, until the happy day when God in His goodness would restore her to the mother she adored, and whose image remained graven on her memory.

We can now understand the meaning of Stella's strange indifference to all Eliane's tender devotedness during her long illness. She was completely wrapt up in one thought, one only desire, to see again that beloved countenance and call her *Mother*.

After some time, however, she began to realize how much suffering her apparent coldness and ingratitude was causing the young Countess, who had so generously adopted her and devoted herself with so much affection and self-sacrifice to her welfare, giving up all her own occupations to wait on her. God will punish me, she thought, for my ingratitude to one who has saved me from misery and vice and perhaps never allow me to see again the mother whom I now love more than all the world. So the next morning when Eliane appeared, all smiles and tenderness to wait on her, Stella threw her arms round her neck and held her in a long embrace.

"My dear, dear child. At last you have recovered, thank God. I knew He would hear my prayer for I love you so much, my darling, and you love me, do you not?"

"Oh, yes, I love you, Madam. You have been so good to me."

"Oh, do not call me Madam, as if I were a stranger. Am I not now your mother? Has not all I have endured during the past weeks entitled me to that sweet name?"

"Oh, indeed you have been my mother, my adopted mother, but my own real mother who gave me birth. Shall I never see her on earth?"

"Alas, dearie, she is probably not now in this

world. Donato has told me your history, and when you are stronger I will relate to you the sad events of your young days. I fear you are indeed an orphan, yet not an orphan, for the good God has given you now a mother who will consecrate her life to making you happy and causing you to forget the trials and sufferings of your early years."

While the Countess was speaking, Stella drew out her precious treasure and covered it with kisses.

"Who gave you that costly medallion?"

"Nobody. I have always had it."

"Do you know whom it represents?"

"No, but I *feel* it is my mother, and I love to look at it."

"I quite understand that, my darling, and your feelings, but you will love me also, will you not?"

Instead of replying, the child threw her arms around Eliane's neck and covered her face with kisses. The ice was broken. From that day they were united heart to heart. To the Countess it was as if a new existence had begun for her. She had now something to live for, an object for her charity and an outcome for her love and devotedness.

Stella's convalescence was long. Only little by little did her strength return and the pale pink roses to her cheeks. In spite of the luxury and comfort with which she was surrounded, a shade of sadness would from time to time cast its shadow o'er her brow. The memories of the past and her old protector—where was he now? Wandering perhaps alone, about the world, old, sad, and infirm. What has become of him, she wondered, and why does he not come to see me?

The Countess noticing her distress asked anxiously if she felt unwell?

"Oh, no, but I think so often of poor Donato. He loved me so much. Why does he not come to see me? But perhaps he has no money. When I came away he had nothing. Not even a penny."

"Do not let that trouble you, my darling. He is no longer miserable. I have made him a rich man."

"Oh, thank you, thank you, dear Mama. But why does he not come to see me? It seems ungrateful."

"Because he has left France forever."

"Without seeing me or saying good-bye? How unkind!"

"He did bid you farewell with many tears, but you were too ill to recognize him."

"And where is he gone?"

"Back to Italy. I made him promise he would not claim you. I thought you were afraid of him."

"Sometimes, when he had been with his friends and came home with a red face and falling from side to side, I was then afraid and hid myself. But except for that he was always good to me and I loved him very much and believed that he was my father."

"And how did you discover he was not?"

"It was when we were travelling in Germany. I was sitting on his knee, pretending to be asleep, and I heard him tell the gypsies that he had found me abandoned in the mountains of Abruzzo."

"Quite true. He is not your father, but he loved and cared for you from your infancy. You do well to remember him affectionately and gratefully."

"I would have liked to say good-bye to him. Was he sorry to leave me?"

"Very. But he tried to be content, when I assured him that I would care for and try to make you happy."

"Poor Donato. He will be so glad to see again the great mountains, and the deep blue seas he used to talk to me about. He will soon forget me."

"And do you regret him?"

"If he had remained as he was when I was a little thing, yes; but alas, he changed very much since we came to France."

"In what way? Did he illtreat you?"

"Oh, no. Never. But one day he wanted to take my medallion to sell it and I resisted and reproached him in such a way that he never caressed me again as he used to do. Poor Donato."

After this intimate conversation, Stella became quite loving and devoted to her adopted mother; but she never allowed her to take the place of the idol, her own mother's image, which she had erected in her heart.

Stella's religious knowledge was limited to the existence of God and the Incarnation. The only prayer she knew was the "Ave Maria," which Donato had taught her to say morning and night.

Yet Eliane had no difficulty in instructing her in the truths of our holy religion. Her pure soul opened to the knowledge of God as the flower opens to the rays of the sun. She loved to listen to the Gospel history. It touched and interested her deeply, but what most of all appealed to her was the account of Our Blessed Mother's sorrow during the three days' loss. It caused her tears to flow, for it made her feel what her own mother must have suffered and

was perhaps suffering now, because she could not find her lost child carried off by wicked men in the mountains of Italy.

Stella loved reading and had a retentive memory. She made rapid progress in her studies, so that when she was convalescent and able to leave her sick room, she knew as much as children of her age are expected to know.

The room she occupied looked out on the square St. Martin, where a few months previously she had performed with Donato before the crowd. The first day she was allowed to sit up, her chair was placed at the window but the sight of the scene of her former sufferings recalled such painful reminiscences that she burst into tears, exclaiming: "Oh, Mama, take me away, I cannot stay here, it reminds me of all I have endured. Oh, take me away."

The good Countess quite understood the poor child's feelings and had her removed at once to a room at the rear of the house facing the garden.

The garden had been neglected for a long time and was overrun with weeds and long grass. Next day an army of gardeners arrived and transformed it into a paradise of delight. All the rubbish was cleared away, the grass mown and rolled, pots of roses and other flowering plants and shrubs were placed in the beds, and seats under the trees. It was a complete transformation. Stella was in a ecstasy and ran about, clapping her hands for joy. When she had seen and admired everything, she went beaming with joy, to thank and embrace her adopted mother, who was just as happy as her child.

## CHAPTER 10

### SOWING THE SEEDS OF SUSPICION

Mme. de Lussey owned a house at Montmorency and there she determined to take Stella, thinking that a complete change of scene and the fresh country air would prove most conducive to her complete restoration.

Now Eliane's own maid, Susanna, had conceived a mortal jealousy and hatred of Madam's adopted child. She left nothing undone to torment and insult her, going so far as to show her the old frock she had on when she was brought to the house, saying: she was keeping it for the day when her mistress, having grown tired of a beggar girl, would turn her out once more on the streets.

"You don't know Madame as I do," Susanna continued, "she is as fickle as the wind. Before you came I was everything. It was Susanna here and Susanna there, she couldn't do without me. Now, I'm nobody. I never get a smile. Just wait a bit. Your turn will come next."

"I don't believe a word of it," cried poor Stel-

la indignantly, rushing out of the room and down stairs like lightning into the garden.

"James, James, where are you?"

"I'm here, Missie," replied the old man from the far end. In an instant Stella was at his side.

"Come in here, I have something to tell you, but I don't want Madame to know. I am so miserable." Then sitting down in the summer house, she related in a voice choked with sobs all the nasty things that Susanna had said to her.

The old man was fired with indignation. "The wicked wretch. Has she been unkind to you before?"

"Well, not like this morning, but she often pinches me and pulls my hair when dressing me."

"And you said nothing?"

"I cried sometimes, but did not like to complain. I feared to grieve the good Countess."

"Ah," said the good old man, tearing his mustache, "I wish you had told me all this sooner."

That same afternoon James told Mme. de Lussey what Stella had confided to him and a few days afterwards the whole staff of domestics received their dismissal. But as the cunning Susanna had planned and foreseen, the seeds of doubt had been sown in the child's impressionable young heart and were to bring forth deplorable results later on.

## CHAPTER 11

### AN ESCAPADE

We will not attempt to describe Mme. de Lussey's indignation on hearing from old James of Susanna's perfidious conduct. She determined to set out at once for Montmorency. There she could find good and faithful domestics, and Stella, the free and happy country life that would soon direct her thoughts from her past sufferings.

Old James was delighted. Montmorency was his native place. There he had served his good master, the General. All his friends and relations dwelt there. So with a glad heart he set about the preparations for their immediate departure. The motor car, that had been ordered for the journey, did not appear on the appointed day, so next morning, while Stella was fast asleep, as they thought, Eliane and James went off to the garage to inquire the cause of the delay.

Now Stella, who was sleeping with one eye open, heard them drive away and judged the moment most opportune to put into execution a plan she had formed in her mind for some time. As she knelt down to say her morning prayers, as usual, her conscience began to prick.

Although she had promised old James to think no more of Susanna's base insinuations, yet they had sunk too deeply in her tender heart to be easily forgotten.

It is true that during the day, when with her loving and kind mother, she was quite content and happy, but when alone at night, they would return to her mind and doubts as to her adopted mother's real love arose to trouble her. This diffidence, like a subtle poison, instilled itself into her heart and closed it against all confidence.

The fixed idea, that she would one day see again the lady whose likeness had remained indelibly impressed on her memory, never left her, and longing desire to visit once more the church where she had seen the one, whom she now firmly believed to be her mother, took possession of her.

But how was it to be accomplished, for she was never allowed to go out alone. Great then was her joy when she heard the carriage drive away with Mme. de Lussey and James.

As soon as they had disappeared she ventured out, running as quickly as she could in the crowd. Her charming appearance and elegant attire attracted the curiosity of the passers-by, but in Paris one is so accustomed to strange sights, she was allowed to pass unmolested.

When she came to the big crossing, where the good-natured shoebblack had come to her rescue, she hesitated for a while, but finally made a bold start and got over safely. She glanced in his direction and saw that he was there in his old place. Would he recognize her, she wondered, in her fine clothes? She passed the toy shop and the confectionery's without a thought. Her only goal was St. Elizabeth's Church. On she ran, street after street, it seemed interminable, but no church. Her heart began to sink when suddenly the bells of a great clock chimed out the hour and, turning the corner, she faced a splendid basilica. She entered and went up the nave. The golden rays of the morning sun lit up the choir and Stella at once perceived that this was not the sombre church of St. Elizabeth. She knelt before the tabernacle and tried to pray. After all, she thought, the good God is here and can grant my petitions and work the same miracle again. Full of confidence, the poor child made the round of the basilica till she came to the Lady Chapel. She knelt down on the steps and buried her face in her hands, and sent up her supplications to the Mother of God, kissing her precious medallion over and over again.

She remained for nearly an hour looking round from time to time, hoping to see the miracle renewed, but in vain. The longed-for apparition did not appear.

Poor Stella, thinking her petition was not

sufficiently ardent, recommenced her most touching supplications, when a well known voice sounded in her ears: turning quickly she recognized the good old James, looking the picture of misery and behind him, Mme. de Lussey, shedding floods of tears.

At this spectacle Stella realized her fault and blushing with shame, threw her arms around her mother's neck too much confused to speak.

"Oh, you naughty child," cried Eliane, "what have you done? Do you wish to make me die of grief?"

"Oh, no, no, sweet mother, I did not mean to vex you. I only wanted to say good-bye to Our Blessed Lady before going away."

"But why did you not tell me and I would gladly have gone with you?"

"I did not like to trouble you."

"To trouble me! Why is not all my time given up to you? Happily the good God watched over you and someone else."

"Someone else! Who was that? Oh, do tell me!"

"See, who is seated on the box?"

Stella looked up excitedly and recognized her friend the Vendean. "Ah, he must have seen and followed me."

"Just so. To see no accident befell you and then he came to tell us your whereabouts."

"But how did he know you?"

"Have you forgotten that it was Antony who carried you to Belleville? Well, the next day he went to inquire after you and met Donato, who told him he had given you to me, and how ill you were. They came every day and Donato did not quit Paris till you were recovering and Antony struck up a friendship with James that has lasted till now on account of you."

"And I like Antony. He was so kind to me."

"Shall I take him into my service to help James?"

"What a grand idea. Oh, do."

They were now at home and Antony was setting off for his old occupation when the Countess made a sign to James to bring him to her.

"Antony," she asked, "can you drive and manage a horse?"

"I was ten years a coachman and know my business well."

"Would you be willing to enter my service? James is now in need of assistance."

"If Madame desires to engage me, I will give her no cause to regret it."

"That's settled then. So as soon as you can arrange your affairs, I will except you."

The following day Antony arrived to the great contentment of Stella and old James.

(To be continued)

## *The Camp Fire for Our Girls*

(Continued from page 110)

There are no hard and fast rules at camp. There is an elastic, yet conservative, aim to meet all conditions, needs, and desires, both for the good of the individual girl and the collective whole, while maintaining a uniformity of routine.

With the home as the foundation center of the Camp Fire ideals, the radiation of all that is gained in the development of character is evidenced in the excellent record of service to the communities wherever the Camp Fire girls are located.

Many girls earn not only the money for their dues in their own group, but also their vacation funds, and in this way gain a much better appreciation of money values as well as forming habits of thrift, economy and good citizenship.

As an illustration, a widowed mother—a Catholic—on the occasion of a Sunday visit at one camp, explained that her twelve-year-old daughter earned more than enough money for her own expenses and that of her younger sister, by ironing clothes for the neighbors, thus making it possible for the mother, who also worked for their support, to give a third daughter the advantages of an outing.

Another factor of the work, and one of the finest of the influences engendered, is the deeper understanding and sympathy and the closer companionship, that membership in the Camp Fire girls fosters between the mother and daughter. Commendation of the purposes of the organization is had in the request of many mothers to be permitted to stay at the camp and participate with their girls in the activities.

Unfortunately such requests can not be granted—causing the mothers to express a desire for an opportunity to band themselves into a similar group for health, happiness, and understanding in team work and good fellowship, guided by the slogan of every Camp Fire—"WOHELO" formed from the first two letters of the words—W O R K, H E A L T H, L O V E, and where each mother may learn with her daughter that—

"The bravery of the woods will give her strength,  
The beauty of the world will give her wings."

The visit to the Blessed Sacrament is the practice of piety which is most characteristic of the devotion to the Sacred Heart.—Card. Dechamps.

It is the Eucharist that instructs us in the most sublime ways of virtue under the silent veils that cover It.—Mgr. de Bouillerie.

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## Benedictines and the Catholic University of Peking

LEON MCNEILL

CHINA now holds the attention of the world. The eyes of the peoples of the great western nations are focused upon this vast, mysterious, fascinating country of the Orient. China, with its history stretching on back into the dim twilight of the third millennium before Christ, China with its ancient and long enduring civilization, China with its flooded fields of rice and its charming stretches of blowing poppies, China with its interesting natives of yellow hue, almond-shaped slanting eyes, and flowing robes, has always enchanted the soul of the Occidental. But in the past seventy-five years as the world powers have been gradually penetrating the long invulnerable armor of the Chinese nation, entering its territory and setting up a flow of commerce with its merchants, China has been the mark of unusual interest for the West. But it is during the past quarter of a century that the awakening giant, who writhes in arousing from the rheumatic slumber of the ages and slowly bursts the confining bonds of the past, has become an object of intense and wondering speculation.

The revolution which had been seething and smoldering for several generations burst into flame in 1910, overthrowing the Manchu dynasty which had been in power since 1644 and setting up the Chinese Republic the Presidential seal of which was delivered to Yuan Shi Kai March 29, 1911. Since that date there has been a constant upheaval in the new republic, and of late years it has developed into a seesaw struggle between different military chieftains each of whom wishes to control the entire nation and to 'save China' in his own peculiar way. The citizens of different nations who have settled in China for religious, commercial, or other reasons, have been a source of uninterrupted anxiety to their brethren at home and to the governments which strive to give them protection. A goodly percentage of these foreigners are engaged in various missionary undertakings and both themselves and their works have won the sympathetic attention of all Christendom. Among these missionaries are a number of Americans—priests, brothers, and sisters—for America has come to be looked upon as the backbone and main hope of the Chinese mission. In view of all this, discussion of a distinctly missionary enterprise in China under the auspices of American Benedictines would appear to be quite timely. We shall in this paper give a résumé of the brief

history of the "Catholic University of Peking" followed by consideration of its purpose and importance in the Chinese mission of the Church. We shall conclude by emphasizing the claim which this project has on the sympathy and support of American Catholics, and suggest appropriate means of encouraging its progress.

In July of 1912 Mr. Vincent Ying, a highly cultured Chinese journalist, scholar, and statesman, addressed a letter to the Supreme Pontiff, Pius X, beseeching him to establish a Catholic institution of higher learning at Peking, the capital of the Chinese Republic. He contrasted the apparent indifference of the Church to education with the zeal of the Protestant churches in this regard. He pointed out the need for raising up able Catholic leaders and for training a numerous and enlightened band of native priests. "From the bottom of our hearts," wrote Mr. Ying, "we implore you, our Father and Teacher, to have pity upon us and to send us missionaries, virtuous and learned, to found in this great capital a university open alike to Christians and pagans, a university that will be a model proposed to the entire nation, preparing an élite among Catholics and bringing true enlightenment to pagans."

In the following year this earnest Chinese layman opened near Peking the Fu Jen Shê, an Academy of Chinese Letters for Catholic young men, which institution he was reluctantly forced to close in 1918, when the pressure of financial and other difficulties became too great for his unaided resources. "The results obtained," wrote Mr. Ying later, "though they did not come up to my most sanguine expectations, proved, nevertheless, a source of considerable satisfaction and earned many expressions of praise and congratulation."

In the meantime, Mr. Ying had written under date of June, 1917, his exhortation to study, an appeal to the Catholic hierarchy and clergy of China to enter the field of advanced education thus far monopolized by the Protestants.

Mr. Ying continued to hope that his dreams would soon materialize and lost no opportunity to enlist support for his plans. In the late months of 1920 he found opportunity to lay the case before Dr. Barry O'Toole, Obl. O. S. B., a Seminary Professor of St. Vincent Archabbey, Beatty, Pa., who was then travelling in China. Dr. O'Toole, a young clergyman of brilliant intellectual accomplishment and of far seeing vision, was completely won over to the

cause. Returning via Rome he presented his views on the matter to Pope Benedict XV and to Dom Fidelis Stotzingen, O. S. B., the Abbot Primate of the Benedictine Order. Arriving in America in the late spring of 1921, this energetic apostle recounted his observations to Rt. Rev. Aurelius Stehle, O. S. B., Archabbot of St. Vincent, and to Rt. Rev. Ernest Helmstetter, O. S. B., Presiding Abbot of the American-Cassinese Congregation of Benedictines.

In December, 1921, His Excellency the Most Rev. Fumasoni Biondi, then Secretary of the Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda, by written memoranda to the Abbot Primate, suggested the Archabbey of St. Vincent as possible consignee of the important task of founding a University at Peking. The Archabbot of St. Vincent replied that the resources of a single abbey were inadequate for such a colossal undertaking.

The entire American-Cassinese Congregation was then urged to assume the responsibility for this significant work. The twenty-first General Chapter of the Congregation, held in the Abbey of St. Procopius, Lisle, Illinois, in August of 1923, reached a favorable decision on the matter, and intrusted the project to the Archabbey of St. Vincent with promise of moral and physical support of the other abbeys of the Congregation. The details of the proposed Benedictine Foundation were satisfactorily arranged with His Eminence Cardinal Von Rossum, Prefect of the Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda, and in June of 1924 Fathers Ildephonse and Placidus, O. S. B., of St. Vincent, left for China. They arrived in Peking July 8 where they were welcomed by Archbishop Constantini, the Apostolic Delegate to China and an ardent promoter of the new University, and by Messrs. Vincent Ying and H. H. Mu. In October the Apostolic Delegate addressed a letter to Archbishop Aurelius Stehle, O. S. B., in which he praised the 'noble' work undertaken by the Benedictines and promised his whole-hearted cooperation for its success.

Meanwhile the Holy See had recommended the new foundation to the generosity of Bishops and faithful, especially of America. The Holy Father conferred upon the Rt. Rev. Archabbot of St. Vincent power to appoint professors and to regulate the courses of the prospective institution. On January 15, 1925, Archabbot Aurelius, as chancellor of the Catholic University of Peking, appointed Rev. George Barry O'Toole, Obl. O. S. B., D. D., as its Rector, and in the following month both set out for Peking where they arrived February 24. They found Fathers Ildephonse and Placidus living in a rented residence.

The immediate problem to be solved was that of securing property, suitable as to location,

extent, and improvements, for the University. Through the kindness of Dr. J. H. Ingram, a non-Catholic doctor of Peking, negotiations were carried on with Prince Tsai T'ao (the uncle of Hsuan T'ung, the deposed Chinese Emperor) for the purchase of his property in Peking. This consisted of an eleven-acre tract on the northern section of which stood a group of buildings forming the Ducal Palace, the southern part being a beautiful garden. The preliminary contract was signed March 20, 1925, and a final contract for a perpetual lease of the T'ao Pei-Le Fu was concluded on March 26 and signed in the American Legation at Peking. The Fathers took up their residence in the flower garden and on July 26 Prince Tsai T'ao turned over complete possession of the premises to the Benedictines. Renovation of the buildings began at once, a part of them being remodeled in preparation for the opening of a preparatory academy in the fall.

The property purchased from the Prince is valued, according to conservative estimates, at \$500,000. It is surrounded by the usual Chinese wall and is divided into two main sections by a driveway running east and west. The southern section is flanked by a main thoroughfare running east and west, and on this street, but a short distance from the University grounds, stands the residence of the Apostolic Delegate. The southernmost part of the garden is the vegetable section, separated by a wall and a covered walk or Chinese cloister from the beautiful flower garden. The garden is watered by many fountains and during the blossoming time of late spring is a veritable paradise. The northern section of the property contains the Palace proper which is divided into three sections: (1) the Temple section, part of which now serves as a chapel; (2) the Yin An Palace, formerly the living quarters of Prince Tsai T'ao and at present partly a monastery capable of housing thirty monks, and partly a dormitory and recreation hall for the students of the Preparatory Academy; (3) the Western Library, used as a rest room and reception hall, Recitation Hall, library, and study hall of the Academy. "In the fall of 1925, the Yin An section and the Academy were equipped with steam heat. All the buildings of the former Palace, in fact, have now been renovated. Chinese artists were engaged to restore the various structures to their original splendor. The result has exceeded expectations. Those who visit the place are invariably captivated by its beauty, and carry away with them a never-to-be-forgotten impression of the artistic genius of the Chinese people"—(Bulletin No. 1, Catholic University of Peking.)

The Prospectus of departments and courses of the University were drawn up by the Rev.

Rector who received the advice and active assistance of interested Chinese scholars, especially of Mr. Vincent Ying, the original promoter of the undertaking, and Mr. Ch'en Yuan who had proved to be a veritable pillar of the foundation. The University proper as at present outlined will contain five schools, each comprising a number of departments. These schools are as follows: (1) School of Theology; (2) School of Philosophy; (3) School of Arts and Letters; (4) School of Sciences; (5) School of Chinese Studies.

The officers, realizing that only duly qualified students could be admitted to the University, if its high standard were to be maintained, and realizing too that many Catholic young men of fair education and promising talent would be found deficient of the required preliminary schooling, decided to open preparatory academies. The preparatory work will be of a two-fold character: a Chinese Preparatory School, for those who wish to enter the School of Chinese Studies, and a General Preparatory School, for those who wish to enter other departments of the University proper. The Chinese Preparatory School was opened in the fall of 1925 and is now in actual operation under the name of the Fu Jen Shê or MacManus Academy of Chinese Studies, as we shall see in the succeeding narration.

Plans were soon complete for the opening of the Academy of Chinese Studies, and all machinery of the project was set for operation as soon as funds for its permanent support would be assured. The man whom Providence had inspired with interest in the new University and now prompted to donate the funds necessary for the first part of the institution to be actually opened, was Mr. Theodore MacManus, LL. D., of Detroit. Mr. MacManus, a journalist and advertising manager of high ability and wide experience, and a zealous layman who wields a powerful pen in defense of Catholic truth, had written to the Rector of the University on June 25, 1925, "I am anxious to be of service to the University. If you will write me more fully what you have in mind in regard to the School of Literature, I shall respond promptly." In August of 1925 Mr. Ying wrote to Dr. MacManus explaining the nature of the prospective Academy and the probable expense of its maintenance. On Sept. 1, Dr. MacManus cabled his approval of the project outlined and his promise of financial support in the words, "Letters received. Go ahead."

Mr. Ying, Dean of the school, at once released a letter to the Vicars-Apostolic and Catholic Clergy of China, describing the circumstances which led up to the establishment of the Catholic University of Peking, announcing the opening of its first preparatory department, and

giving a list of its aims and regulations. Its aims as set down were threefold: the preservation and elevation of Catholic ideals, the cultivation of the intellect by means of literary studies and pursuits, and the imparting of useful knowledge which would fit the students "as educated, cultured and courteous gentlemen for any walk of life." Candidates were to be not less than eighteen years of age nor more than twenty-five, were to possess an elementary knowledge of Chinese grammar and literature with ability to write a fairly good composition, were to be given free tuition and lodging but charged a nominal fee of seven dollars a month for board, and were to engage in a two-year course of study leading to a graduate certificate and, in case of the more distinguished scholars, to admission to the Chinese courses of the University proper. Accompanying Mr. Ying's letter was a Latin communication from Dr. O'Toole, prescribing formalities of application and registration of students and setting October 1 as the date for the opening of the Academy.

The opening date was made the occasion of an informal Chinese dinner attended by a number of distinguished Chinese scholars and officials. Speeches of welcome and explanation were made by Bishop Tacconi of Kaifeng, then a guest of the University, by Mr. Ying, the Dean, and by Dr. O'Toole, the Rector. The stu-

## To All Loyal Friends

### URANIE LEGE

Friendship, let me sing thy praise!  
Comradeship of youthful days—  
Oh, the warm unstrained devotion,  
What a boon in life it plays!

How it tunes the heart to love,  
How it trains to take and give,  
How it fills the soul with purposes,  
And makes it joy to live!

Oh, a friend to share each mood,  
Sympathetic, never rude,  
Never chilling with derision,  
But with kindness imbued!

What a story I could tell  
Of my friends I love so well!  
Should I head the list with Heloise,  
Or Margaret, Kate, or Belle?

I could fill a page or two  
With a list of hearts most true—  
But I'll dedicate this madrigal  
To each, and all, and—You!

dents were meanwhile registering and taking the entrance examinations, and by the end of the month the actual enrollment and attendance stood at twenty-three.

A number of first-class Chinese scholars were engaged to teach in the Academy, the authorities being able to do this by reason of the \$100,000 endowment fund established by Mr. MacManus for its support. Although the school necessarily began with little semblance of system or discipline, it soon became well regulated. In the different departments were posted little wooden tablets neatly inscribed with regulations to be observed by the student body. Debating societies, athletic teams, etc., were gradually formed until the entire institution pulsated with the healthy throb of student activities.

In December, 1925, Dr. O'Toole was requested by the Rt. Rev. Archabbot of St. Vincent to return to America to confer on important matters in connection with the University. Anxious to obey the call of duty, he prepared for immediate departure, although reluctant to leave, due to the serious illness of Mr. Vincent Ying, Dean of the MacManus Academy. Dr. O'Toole left Peking Christmas night and, after visiting a number of mission stations and abbeys enroute, arrived at St. Vincent a little over a month later.

Mr. Ying, who had come to be loved and admired by all who knew him, and especially by those who were connected with the new Chinese establishment and who realized the important rôle he had taken in it, died on January 10. Prior Ildephonse wrote of his death as follows, "Mr. Ying gradually grew worse and departed this life well fortified by the sacraments and rites of the Church." The deceased scholar was buried with all the marks of respect due to a man of his high genius, sterling Christian character, and worthy accomplishments. He passed away just at the time when Rome was to confer upon him the title of 'Knight of St. Gregory the Great.' The Papal Brief conferring this distinguished honor was given at Rome under the date of March 2, 1926, sent to the Rt. Rev. Archabbot of St. Vincent, and forwarded by special messenger to the family of the deceased.

Mr. Ch'en Yuan was appointed Dean of the MacManus Academy of Chinese Studies. The second semester opened with an attendance of thirty picked Chinese youths, but twenty more who had made application for admission were unable to reach Peking because of military operations of the various chieftans. In April, 1926, another Benedictine Father, Dom Placidus Houtmeyers, O. S. B., of St. Martin's Abbey, Lacey, Washington, set out for China and, shortly after his arrival at the University, English and French were added to the curriculum of the Academy.

Normal school life was somewhat interrupted through the spring of 1926, by the presence of a great number of refugees, who were obliged to seek shelter within the University precincts. Chang-Tso-lin, the Manchurian war lord, drove Feng Yu-hsiang (the 'Christian General') out of Peking and waged war with him in the vicinity of the city for some days. On April 13, 1926, Father Placidus, O. S. B., wrote to Archabbot Aurelius, "Our place is now filled with refugees, who are mostly of high class. The roaring of cannons may be heard every day. Within the last week aeroplanes have dropped bombs on the city, but so far none have fallen on our property.... God pity the poor people." In a later letter Prior Ildephonse wrote: "In the country, however, conditions are indescribable. The Kouminchun are holding the Nankow Pass and the Mukden army is trying to force it. The soldiers of the latter are acting in a most inhumane manner, driving the people from their homes and appropriating whatever strikes their fancy." About four hundred refugees, nearly all women and children gathered in the Temple section of the University property. These were cared for at the small expense of forty dollars a day, but during their month and a half stay at the University they were no small cause of added labor and anxiety.

At the close of the first successful scholastic year in the Academy's existence, its Dean advised that the Preparatory Course of Chinese Studies be extended to three years, thus giving the institution the ranking of a Senior Middle School in the present educational system of China. On this basis it is now operating.

During the summer months of 1926 the Rt. Rev. Archabbot of St. Vincent and the Rector of the University conferred on important affairs of the Chinese foundation, and meanwhile they made every effort to arouse the interest and support of American Catholics. It was the writer's privilege to see these zealous apostles at Dayton University during the Convention of the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade held just after the close of the International Eucharistic Congress. Archabbot Aurelius gave the impression of a powerful executive whose many qualities and great good nature win the loyal support of all with whom he deals. Dr. O'Toole addressed the assembled delegates in a quiet easy manner which bespoke deep character, and in a ready flow of words which indicated broad intelligence and a keen mind.

In August the Chancellor of the University, Archabbot Aurelius, formally accepted the preferred services of Dom. Adalbert Gresnigt, O. S. B., of the Belgian Abbey of Maredsous, "for the purpose of carrying out the program outlined by the Apostolic Delegate to China of in-

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## Billy Greets the High Mogul

MARY MABEL WIRRIES

**T**HE High Mogul was coming. The High Mogul had another name—a dignified appellation, too, to wit: William S. N. Peters, Sr.—but no one in the Spencer household ever called him any thing except the High Mogul. Of course it was Billy who first dubbed him that, but even Evelyn and Marie had unconsciously grown to apply the term to him. The High Mogul was a very important person in the very important corporation wherein Mr. Spencer held a none-too-important position—and on the High Mogul's visit to Urbanville and his impression of Mr. Spencer hinged what was, to the Spencer family, a very important matter—the question of whether Dad would advance a step higher in the graces of the company, and secure a much more responsible and lucrative position now open in the larger town of Carson.

There was a flutter in the House of Spencer. The flutter was among Mother and the Spencer daughters, that is, the two elder daughters. Billy was never impressed or in a flutter about anything except a chance to go skating or canoeing or fishing or golfing or motoring or even a good game of baseball on the corner lot with Freddie and his gang, all of which was most annoying to Mother and the other Spencer girls, who thought Billy a hoyden and a tomboy, as undoubtedly she was.

Freddie and Mr. Spencer, on the contrary, thought her quite wonderful—and she could, with no effort whatever, wheedle a new and expensive golf club from her father at the same time that Evelyn and Marie were exerting every ounce of their will power to convince him that they needed new gowns or slippers, and having only indifferent success.

"Father, it's a shame the way you spoil that child!" sedate Marie would exclaim with vexation.

"I don't know why Dad shows so much partiality," complained Evelyn.

"She didn't need that brassie, if that's what you call the thing," his wife reproached him, "and Evelyn does need new brocade slippers—her old ones are positively shabby—and Marie has to have a new dress. If you'd consult me before letting Wilma bamboozle you—"

But father kept right on indulging Billy. He loved the twinkle in her honest young eyes and the freckles on her dear, tip-tilted, saucy nose. He loved everything she was and everything she did. He loved the way she brought him his

slippers at night, and found him the paper and filled up his pipe; the way she stroked his head when it ached; the way she straightened up his clutched old desk without mislaying a single thing he might need (whereas Mother and the girls always put things where he never could find them again). It was Billy who was never too tired nor too busy on stormy, disagreeable days to take the dilapidated old family roadster and drive to the office after him. It was Billy, too, who stole away with him and Freddie on clandestine fishing trips, where he wore his oldest clothes and smoked his vilest pipe—an ancient brier which he had surreptitiously rescued from the trash which Evelyn sent to the basement for burning. Billy even laughed when he took an occasional chew of tobacco. "There's something about fishing and chewing tobacco that goes together," he often told her by way of apology. "I wouldn't think of doing this any other time—and your Ma'd have a fit if she knew I did it now." So, when Billy ruffled up his fast-thinning hair, imprinted an airy kiss on the end of his nose and called him a "dear old duck of a dad," he got her anything she wanted, even a very expensive and "wholly unnecessary" brassie. But let us return to the High Mogul.

"For heaven's sake, keep that coughing old car out of sight," mother cautioned Dad, "and smoke cigars instead of that nasty pipe—good cigars, too—not those stogies that smell up the place. We'll have a few friends in to dinner—the Hydes—her ancestors came over in the Mayflower—"

"Boy, but that boat was crowded!" whispered Billy to Fred.

"And that intellectual Mr. Stevens—"

"Who's he?" asked Dad.

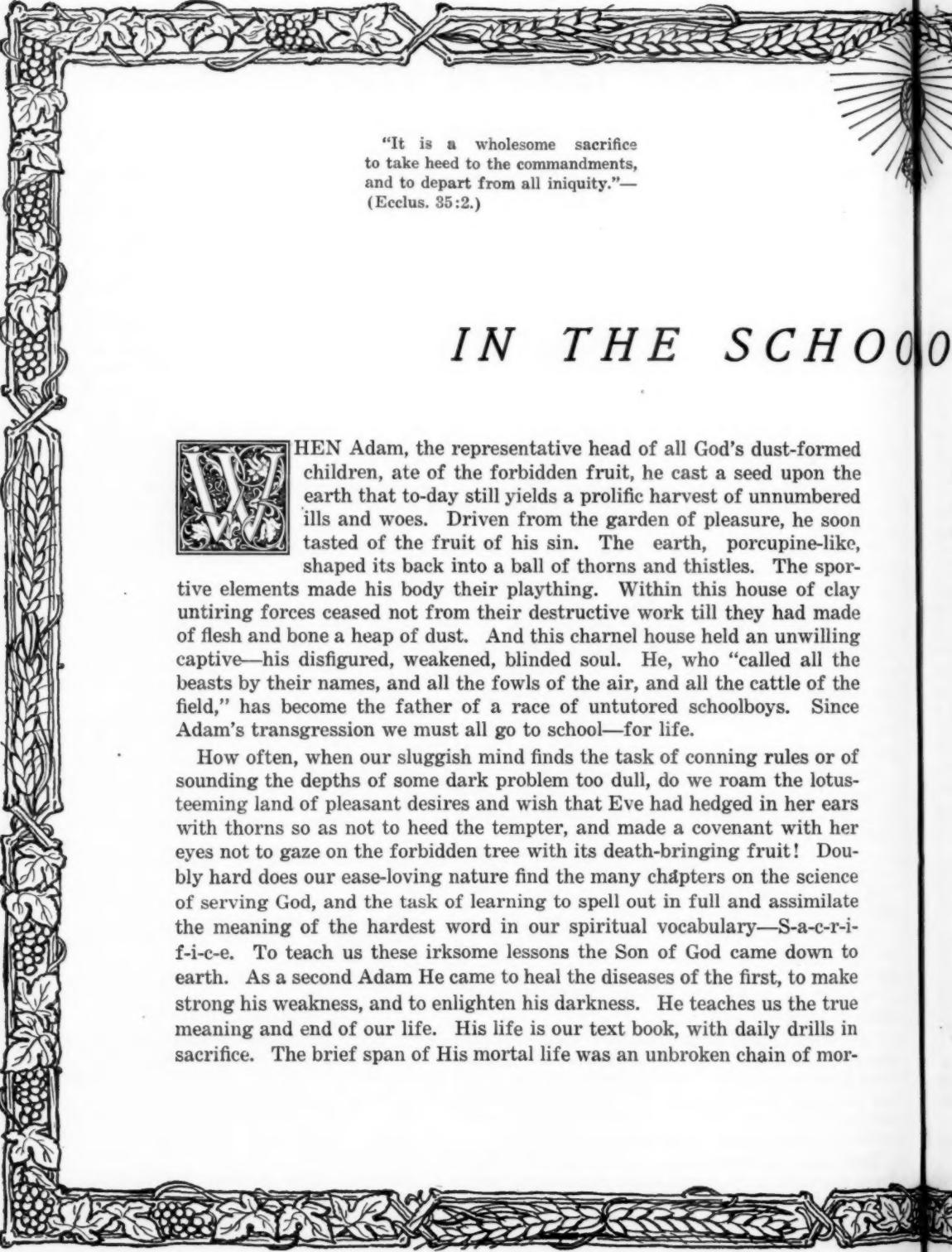
"A friend of Evelyn's. He writes the most beautiful sonnets."

Billy groaned, but the interruption went unheeded.

"And J. Morton Spinette, the lecturer. We'll show Mr. Peters that our friends are of the best. We'll have Tomasons send a caterer from town, and the appointments will be perfect. They're expensive, but they—"

"But, Mary, aren't you making it a little strong?" deprecated Mr. Spencer. "Peters might think—"

"Henry!" Mrs. Spencer stopped her spouse with a magnificent and eloquent gesture, "Mr. Peters will think exactly what we wish him to think. I've been managing this house for



"It is a wholesome sacrifice  
to take heed to the commandments,  
and to depart from all iniquity."—  
(Eccl. 35:2.)

## IN THE SCHOOL



HEN Adam, the representative head of all God's dust-formed children, ate of the forbidden fruit, he cast a seed upon the earth that to-day still yields a prolific harvest of unnumbered ills and woes. Driven from the garden of pleasure, he soon tasted of the fruit of his sin. The earth, porcupine-like, shaped its back into a ball of thorns and thistles. The sportive elements made his body their plaything. Within this house of clay untiring forces ceased not from their destructive work till they had made of flesh and bone a heap of dust. And this charnel house held an unwilling captive—his disfigured, weakened, blinded soul. He, who "called all the beasts by their names, and all the fowls of the air, and all the cattle of the field," has become the father of a race of untutored schoolboys. Since Adam's transgression we must all go to school—for life.

How often, when our sluggish mind finds the task of conning rules or of sounding the depths of some dark problem too dull, do we roam the lotus-teeming land of pleasant desires and wish that Eve had hedged in her ears with thorns so as not to heed the tempter, and made a covenant with her eyes not to gaze on the forbidden tree with its death-bringing fruit! Doubly hard does our ease-loving nature find the many chapters on the science of serving God, and the task of learning to spell out in full and assimilate the meaning of the hardest word in our spiritual vocabulary—S-a-c-r-i-f-i-c-e. To teach us these irksome lessons the Son of God came down to earth. As a second Adam He came to heal the diseases of the first, to make strong his weakness, and to enlighten his darkness. He teaches us the true meaning and end of our life. His life is our text book, with daily drills in sacrifice. The brief span of His mortal life was an unbroken chain of mor-

"If any man will come after me,  
let him deny himself, and take up  
his cross daily, and follow me."—  
(St. Luke 9:23.)

## BOOK OF SACRIFICE

tification and self-denial. It began and closed in suffering. The Mass, the reminder of His last and greatest suffering is our school, where daily attendance will teach us to meet our crosses courageously, and to make sacrifices magnanimously. "Every morning of life," says Father Faber, "we begin anew. We go forth from our doors to encounter a new day on its passage to eternity. We go out to meet Jesus in every action of the day, but we must rarely expect to meet Him except with a cross, and that a new one." To profit by our attendance at the school of sacrifice we must unite ourselves with the Victim on the altar, not merely in thought but in reality. The faithful of former ages offered the bread and wine to be used at the sacrifice. At the Offertory we place the oblation of ourselves on the paten bearing the sacrificial bread, which the priest, in the name of Christ, offers to the heavenly Father. This sacrificial offering of Christ is a symbol, a sign of our interior oblation. Christ, our High Priest, in our name, offers Himself to His Father in perfect obedience, in complete and unreserved submission to the decrees of His will. When the bread is changed into Christ's Body at the Consecration, our offering, too, will be changed, transformed, made divine by union with Him. He is our Head, we are the members. Our Head is anointed with the Divinity; this holy oil flows down upon the members and makes us true followers of Christ. Our offering, united to, and changed into, Christ, comes back to us when the Victim of Love enters our hearts. At the Offertory we give ourselves to God through Christ; in Communion God gives Himself to us through Christ. At Holy Mass we learn to become true Christians, to take up our daily cross and follow Jesus on the way of perfect obedience to God's command over Mount Calvary to the bosom of our Father.

PLACIDUS KEMPF, O. S. B.

twenty-five years, haven't I? Have you any fault to find with the way in which I do it?"

"Heaven help him if he has!" murmured the irrepressible Billy.

"The trouble with you, Henry," said his wife, "is this: you have never learned to appreciate the value of appearances."

Mr. Spencer looked bewildered.

"Mother means, Dad dear," explained Billy, tenderly, "that you have never learned to dress like a million dollars on fifty bucks a week; that you have never cultivated a Rolls-Royce taste on a flivver income; that you haven't learned to splash like a boulder when you are only a wee pebble; that you need to acquire the noble art of swanking; that you should have what the world calls 'front'—"

Mother turned her iciest stare on her youngest daughter.

"I do not need assistance to make my meaning clear, Wilma," she said, "Go and take off those ridiculous knickers and put on some clothes that will make you look like a lady instead of a gamin. Now about the dinner, Henry, I wish you would stop at Marechal and White's and order—"

Billy faded from the scene. As soon as she could conveniently do so. Mr. Spencer followed her example, and the preparations for the entertainment of the High Mogul went merrily on.

"It's too bad," said Mrs. Spencer, the morning of the day before the lion was to arrive, "that the girls and I have to make that trip into the city this morning, but I have the satisfaction of knowing that everything is in perfect order for the dinner to-morrow evening. The house fairly shines, and all the arrangements are made. What are you doing to-day, Wilma?"

"Me?" Billy looked up from her grapefruit and smiled ingratiatingly. She knew that the announcement she was about to make would arouse the usual storm of protest. "Fred and I are going fishing."

"Fishing?" Evelyn caught her up scornfully. "You're seventeen, Wilma. It's about time you tried being grown-up, and stopped running around the country with a pack of little kids. Why don't you get Ida Saunders and go out to the Country Club for tea? Do something civilized once."

Billy winked at Dad. "I don't care to, thank you. Of course, though, if you don't wish me to go fishing I can stay at home. Freddie can bring in some of his bunch and I'll make fudge for them and we'll pop some corn. Wouldn't you like that, Fred?"

"You'll do nothing of the sort!" exploded her maternal parent. "If you dare to mess up this house with a crowd of children—boys, at that—Wilma Eileen Spencer, of what are you

thinking? Go fishing, if you wish, but for goodness sake don't drag fishworms and mud all over the house. Such a child!" she sighed in sorrowful resignation. "I never know what you are going to do next."

"Can't you come along, Dad?" pleaded Billy, noting the gleam of wistfulness in Dad's eye and interpreting it correctly.

"Wish I could," Dad's expression was rueful. "But I have to go over to the Millboro office to see Carpenter. I can't get home before the nine-eight to-night."

"Shoot!" sighed Billy. "It's always more fun when you're along."

And Dad hummed a ditty and his step was lighter that morning just because Billy said that.

And so it happened that when William S. N. Peters, Sr., arrived a day ahead of schedule at the suburban office of "Fresno, Inc." he found the door locked and a neat note pinned to its panel: "Out. Back in the morning at eight o'clock." William S. N. Peters fumed. "Confound it!" he exclaimed. "Now I wonder where that gink lives—let's see—" fumbling through a brown brief case, "what's his name? Oh, here it is—Spencer—H. L. Spencer. He lives on Beech street. Where in time is Beech street? What business has he being out? Why doesn't he stay in and attend to business? Confounded nuisance! Out for an entire afternoon, and then he has the nerve to apply for that place at Carson. Back at eight in the morning! Humph! That Carson job needs a man who sticks to his work. Confound it! That train of mine gets out of here at six-fifty in the morning. Beech Street—82 Beech Street. Suppose I'll have to chase out there. Hey, fellow—" to the grinning darky who was wiping up the corridor, "do you know how I get to Beech street?"

"Yas, Suh. Beech Street, Suh, is about twenty blocks no'th o' heah, Suh. You walks, Suh?"

Peters snorted. "Walk? Twenty blocks? Where in time's the car line?"

"Theah ain't none, Suh. Beech Street is out in that new district beyond Urbanville, Suh—the cah line hasn't been extended on through, Suh. Eve'ybody walks to Beech Street, Suh."

"They do, huh? Well, here's one body that doesn't. Any taxis in this forsaken town?"

"No, Suh. No taxis, Suh. But if you was goin' out to Mistah Spenceh's house, Suh, Miss Billy might come afteh you in the cah, Suh. Ah'll phone, huh, Suh."

"Right." Peters tossed him a quarter and began to pace the hall.

The Spencer telephone shrilled. "Rats!" exclaimed Billy inelegantly. She and Fred were all ready to go fishing and she was out in the garden laboriously digging for fishworms, while

Fred carefully picked over the clods to see that none of the wrigglers escaped.

"Don't answer it, Bill," pleaded the twelve-year-old. "I know something will happen to spoil things. Don't answer it."

"Gosh, Fred, we have to!" Billy struck viciously at a stubborn chunk of dirt and made a hasty dive for a worm which was just about to wiggle back into the earth. "Look at that one, Fred," as she brought him up in triumph. "Isn't it a beauty? Darn! There goes that bell again—it might be Dad or a telegram or something important. You go, Fred."

One glance at Fred's face as he returned told her the worst.

"I told you not to answer it," he said.

"Oh, Fred, is the trip ruined?"

"Sure! I told you. It was Alexis, the janitor down at the office. You're to take the Lizzie and drive down there after a guy that wants to see Dad. Lex says he's a big guy with a red face and he's in a tremenjus hurry. Want me to go back and tell 'im you got the measles, or smallpox or somethin'?"

"Oh, no!" Billy clutched at her small brother's wrathful, retreating form. "Dad wouldn't forgive us. It might be the High Mogul."

"Whew!" Freddie whistled. Then he grinned. "Gosh, wouldn't that be a good one?" Ma's got the house all dressed up and she ain't here. Won't she be upset when she finds out you had to go after him with Lizzie? Won't Eve and Marie rave? That almost makes up for losing the fishing trip. Whoop-la!" and he turned a half-dozen joyous cartwheels.

There was a succession of weird honks from the street without the office building where waited William S. N. Peters. Alexis stuck a kinky and inquiring head from the front window. At other front windows appeared other inquiring heads. Billy ignored the others and waved a friendly hand at the janitor.

"Lo, Lex," she called cheerily. "Got a passenger for me?"

Alexis showed a perfect expanse of select white ivory. "Yes'm, Miss Billy, 'm. Yes'm. He's right heah. Theah's Miss Billy, shuah enough, Suh."

Peters seized his case and descended. At the front steps he paused while a series of sensations registered themselves on his face; bewilderment, surprise, amazement, amusement, doubt. He had expected to see a young lady in a modest car. The car was there, but it was not exactly modest. It was, perhaps, the most antiquated vehicle it had ever been his lot to behold. Of the vintage of nineteen fifteen, it had the appearance of a nineteen hundred model. The paint hung on in scabs, the fenders hung on in pieces, the top was tattered and torn and nothing was left of the windshield except

the frame. "Holy Cow!" exclaimed William S. N. Peters, Sr., in the expressive vernacular of William S. N. Peters, Jr., "Are cars like that one still extant?" No less amazing than the car were its occupants. The freckled boy with the tattered straw hat who clung precariously to the rear of the roadster and guarded the fishing poles, flaunting their red bandanna signal from the side of the car, was typical boy, but the girl at the wheel was not the type of young lady for whom he was prepared. She was a pretty girl—there was no doubt of that. From beneath a mop of red-brown curls, bobbed in the most approved fashion, there looked forth serenely at the world and himself a pair of unusually large gray-green eyes with more than a spark of deviltry in their demure depths. Her scattering of freckles served only to enhance the creamy whiteness of her skin, and her too-wide mouth was forgotten when one looked at the pearlyness of her perfect teeth, and the dancing dimples in her cheeks. She was clad neither in filmy gown nor tailored costume, but knickers—common, not-too-clean khaki knickers, and pongee blouse, open at the throat. A brilliant scarlet tie, carelessly knotted about her neck, gray cotton stockings and tennis shoes completed the ensemble. She stood his amazed scrutiny for a full minute before she laughed. Peters came to with a start.

"I—I beg your pardon." He removed his hat. "Are you Miss Spencer?"

"No, Sir." Her eyes mocked him, though her reply was so polite, "Marie is Miss Spencer, and Evelyn is Miss Evelyn Spencer. I'm Wilma, the youngest—but they call me Billy. Are you the High Mogul—I mean—are you Mr. Peters?" She flushed at her slip of tongue and a beautiful crimson ran down her white throat. The boy in the rear snickered. "Shut up, Fred," she supplemented in an audible stage whisper.

"Yes." Peters returned to the thought of his

## Benediction

NANCY BUCKLEY

An altar where white candles burn,  
And lovely, graceful flowers turn  
Their pure, sweet faces to the light,  
Shedding their perfume on the night.

The incense, like a veil of grey,  
Rises and softly floats away;  
The organ peals; its deep refrain  
Echoes again and yet again.

Before the throne of the hidden King,  
In silence, hearts are worshiping;  
A bell rings out with silvery call  
And God's great blessing covers all.

business and his disgruntlement with this young person's father. "I had hoped to see your father," he said stiffly, "but I find that he is not here—he is apparently neglecting his business. Will—"

Billy flamed into quick denial. "Excuse me, Mr. Peters," she told him vehemently, "but Dad doesn't neglect business. Why, he couldn't even go fishing with me to-day because he had to go over to Millboro for the Company."

"Oh, that's where he is." The mollified Peters smiled an appreciation of her spirited defense of her parent. "Well, young lady, Miss Billy, if that's your name, when will he be back? My train gets out of here at six-fifty in the morning."

"Oh, he'll be back this evening," said Billy. "The train gets in about nine. Mother and the girls have gone up to the city and they'll be in on that train, too. Of course you'll be our guest until to-morrow. Dad wasn't expecting you until then, but that doesn't make any difference."

"No, Mother's got the house all dress—"

"Fred!" reproved the girl. "Hush! Fred and I are all the family there is to-day," she explained. "We're the family black sheep but we'll try to entertain you creditably until the others return. I can be grown-up when I want to," naively, "I'm seventeen. Evelyn tells me that every day so I can't possibly forget it. Jump in, Mr. Peters, and I'll run you out to the house." She waved an inviting hand to the seat beside her. "Come on," as he hesitated. "This tin can looks like the dickens and she's only hitting on three, but her insides are all right, aren't they, Fred?"

Peters laughed. "I wasn't hesitating on that account," he said. "But it looks to me as though you had other plans for the day." He nodded at the fishing poles. "Won't I be in the way? Or will you take me along?"

Billy's eyes twinkled. "In that get-up?" She motioned at his immaculate shirt, his neatly shined shoes, his gray silk socks, his carefully pressed suit. "A fishing jaunt would surely spoil your prettiness, Mr. Peters. Of course I'd be glad to take you, if you really wanted to go. This is such a glorious day for fishing." He was in the car now and she stepped on the starter. The ancient flivver gave a hysterical cough and leaped into startling action. The streets of Urbanville jumped by at an alarming speed, but Peters held on to his hat and his breath and tried to concentrate on the assurance she had given him that the "insides" were all right. She had driven ten blocks and narrowly missed annihilating a striped cat and being annihilated by a huge truck before she resumed the conversation. "Do you like to fish, Mr. Peters?"

"Do I?" The years dropped from the shoulders of William S. N. Peters, Sr., and the boy he had been shone from his eyes. "Do I? I'd rather fish than eat—honestly I would."

"So would Dad," exclaimed Billy delightedly. "You're just like him, Mr. Peters. You'll be glad to know my Dad," proudly. "He's the dearest old duck."

"Thank you," said Mr. Peters humbly. "I'm glad you think I'm just like him."

"Say—" The youngest of the Spencers who, by straining his ears had managed to miss no part of the conversation, poked his head through the battered curtain behind them and shouted in their ears: "If Mr. Peters likes to fish, why can't he go 'long Bill? Why can't he? He's only 'bout a size or maybe two sizes bigger'n Dad. Why can't he wear Dad's fishin' clothes that's hanging in the attic? Why can't he? Then we won't have to stay at home. Come along, won't you, Mr. Peters?"

Mr. Peters caught at the idea with enthusiasm. "Do you think your father'd mind?" he asked the girl seriously. "I haven't had a chance to go fishing in three or four years. If you'll just let me, my mind will be at peace—otherwise I'll feel that I'm wet-blanketing your good time. I'm keen to go, really I am."

Billy drove to a stop at 82 Beech Street. Her slim hand sought his and shook it firmly and admiringly. "You are a duck, Mr. Peters," she said. "But I'm afraid you won't be so keen about wearing them when you see Dad's fishing clothes. They're antediluvian. But Dad says they're awfully comfortable. He nearly had a conniption when Mother threatened to give them to the Salvation Army."

"I have an old golf suit at home like that," said Mr. Peters. "No great shakes for looks but the easiest thing I can slide into. Mrs. Peters has a most unaccountable aversion to that suit, too. I keep it carefully secluded in the darkest corner of my closet."

And so they went fishing. Mr. Peters wore Dad Spencer's old clothes and even smoked Dad's old pipe—and when Billy told him he'd probably find a plug of Kentucky's Famous in one of the pockets, he hunted it eagerly and had a comfortable chew. "You know," he confided to Billy, "I always like to chew when I go fishing. I wouldn't think of doing it any other time." Thus do the primitive sports strip the veneer of civilization from the most conservative of us.

They lunched by the side of the brook on thermos-cold ginger ale and cheese sandwiches, and they fed the crumbs to the eager little minnows which swarmed to the top in hundreds after the tidbits. They deserted the Waltonian sport long enough to gather a great armful of wildflowers, and they staged a hilarious race

between a baby turtle and an elderly crab, Bill winning a box of candy on the outcome. It was well on to darkness when they spluttered homeward.

"Gosh!" wailed Freddie as they struggled around the house with all their impediments—fish poles, hampers, flowers, bait can, and an abbreviated string of fish. "I wish dinner was ready, I'm hun-n-gry."

"Me, too," said the High Mogul.

"We'll raid the ice box," said Billy.

And they did. They were just sitting down to the kitchen table, piled high with cold veal and lettuce sandwiches, potato salad, cheese, olives, cake and coffee, when they heard the key in the front latch. "Now we'll catch it," lamented Fred as he grabbed an extra slice of cake lest his opportunities be short. "There's the family."

"Wilma Eileen Spencer!" demanded Mother, frigidly, from the kitchen doorway. "What in mercy's name are you doing in the kitchen? And who is this?" She froze the visitor with a haughty stare—"this person?"

Mr. Peters got to his feet and so did Billy. "Sh! Mother!" said the latter. "This is no person. This is the High Mogul."

"What!" cried Mother unbelievably.

"Just so," said Billy. "Mr. William S. N. Peters, Sr., and Esquire, at your service. You'll have to excuse his appearance. We were too hungry to doll up. He's quite the cat's whiskers in his own duds, but this is Dad's fishing uniform. We've been fishing."

"My heavens!" said Mother, when the air had cleared away the next morning and the guest had departed on the six-fifty. She had just finished cancelling the arrangements for her dinner party and was flustered and perturbed by the unpleasant task, so her ill humor is to be excused. "My Heavens! I wonder what Wilma will do next!"

"She seems to have done the right thing this time," said Dad dryly. "I get the opening at Carson. That was what you wanted, wasn't it?"

For once in her lifetime Mother had nothing more to say. As for Dad, he went away smiling, and he spent the whole of the morning smiling. It was all over the memory of what William S. N. Peters, Sr., told him the night before, when the two men were smoking together on the side veranda. Peters had removed his Havana from his mouth and looked at it critically. "Smoke these often?" he asked.

"No," smiled Mr. Spencer, "only when Mother insists. I like a pipe myself."

Peters chuckled. "Me, too," he said. "I smoked one of your pipes to-day. Billy dug it up for me. That's some girl you have there, Spencer. I wish she was my daughter. Glad

you're coming to Carson—that's my neighboring town—give our families a chance to get better acquainted. I've got a boy at Harvard—great lad that! I want him to know your Billy. He likes to fish and things like that, too—takes after his Dad. They'll get along famously, my boy and your girl. Perhaps some day—who knows? Well, as I said before, she's some girl—and I'd like to have her for my daughter."

## *A Fourth of July Jaunt*

(Continued from page 107)

take part again in the games and pleasures you used to enjoy."

"With such a program," broke in Larry, "there can be no ball games like those we had on St. Joseph's ball diamond."

The cleric could not help smiling at Larry's well meant sympathy. "Oh," said he, "we have our recreation and enjoy it too. Approximately one hour both after dinner and after supper is allotted to us for that purpose. On Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays the recess is extended somewhat. As to games, Larry, they are not altogether under the ban. Volley ball and tennis claim some of our attention. Then occasionally some of our time is devoted to light manual labor, especially when there is question of improving and beautifying our grounds and of cultivating flowers for the altars. During the summer vacation part of our time is given to similar tasks, especially such as require many hands for their accomplishment. Nor must I forget that we occasionally take hikes and long ones at that."

Mrs. Clarke then recalled some of her conversations with Frater Rembert's mother. "Frater," she said quite tenderly, as though she were now taking Mrs. Hern's place, "your mother often speaks to me about you. She used to call you 'Frater Novice Joey.'"

"Yes," replied the Frater pleasantly, "I went by that name in the novitiate."

"Did you have the same routine work at that time?" she questioned further, showing now even keener interest.

"Practically the same," was the reply. "But there was no class work as such. Yet novices have daily instructions in the spiritual life. We had our humble daily tasks to perform, sometimes in the church, the sacristy, or in the rooms and corridors of our quarters. Had our mothers seen us then with brooms and dusters, in hand, they would have smiled and thought that we had become housemaids. For the further information and development of our character we also received more special care and attention which was linked with little humiliations and mortifications calculated to foster in us habits

and virtues congenial to the religious life. Ah, those were happy days. I am sure I shall ever look back upon them with pleasant memories."

"There goes that bell again," commented Larry as soon as he heard the first tap.

"That calls me to rosary," explained the Frater.

Just then Father Gilbert returned, accompanied by the Father Guest Master. After the usual farewells and a promise of prayers for the visitors the Frater was soon in the ranks of the clerics on his way to the church to do honor to Mary.

"I am anxious to get home to write a book," jested Larry as he rose to take leave. "And its title is going to be 'An Hour in the Cloister,'"

"Why not make it 'A Life in the Cloister'?" asked the Father Guest Master.

"Not now," replied Larry. "But with God's grace I hope to some other day."

"Yes," thought Mrs. Clarke to herself, who pretended not to understand, "it'll be a cold day when they get my boy."

## The Catholic University of Peking

(Continued from page 118)

augurating a Sino-Christian Style of architecture to be used henceforth in the Catholic missions of that country." The buildings which will have to be constructed for the future needs of the promising foundation at Peking will be according to the designs of Dom Adalbert. This well-known Benedictine is an artist of the Benedictine school of Beuron and is a sculptor, painter, architect and musician in one.

On September 1, 1926, Mr. Ch'en Yüan was appointed Vice Rector of the Catholic University of Peking. On this same date St. Vincent Archabbey issued an attractive booklet bearing the title "Bulletin No. 1, Catholic University of Peking." This Bulletin, a mine of information about the Peking University, was mailed out gratis to the many supporters of the undertaking. Bulletin No. 2 appeared in March of this year and will be followed by other numbers at intervals of six months.

As the fall progressed Dr. O'Toole set out for Peking via Europe, Dom Callistus Stehle, O. S. B., left St. Vincent, bound for the same destination and via almost the same route, followed shortly after by Dom Damian Whelan, O. S. B. All three paid a visit to Rome and made use of opportunities to transact various details of business and to see a number of interesting shrines in Europe. By the close of the year Dom Whelan was at Peking while Dom Callistus and the Rev. Rector, together with the Benedictine artist, Dom Adalbert, and Dr. Victor Maucher, a former professor of music at

St. Vincent's, who had joined the party in Rome, were on the last lap of the voyage to China.

Such is the story of the foundation of the Catholic University of Peking as gathered from the two Bulletins issued from St. Vincent Archabbey. The undertaking presented in its simple garb of unadorned fact makes a plea for itself, and serves to convince the fair-minded observer that this nascent mission foundation in the vast mysterious land of the Orient is an important and well-deserving project. It seems destined to expand and to become a telling factor in China's conversion and rehabilitation along Christian lines. Next month we shall discuss a few points regarding its purpose, character, and prospects.

(Conclusion next month)

## The White-robed Angel of the Convent

JOSEPHYNE PORTER MANN

I found you, White-robed Angel of the Convent, when I had lost my way. The road was winding 'round the rocks; the hills were high; the sun had turned away his face, while night was gathering all the land within the shelter of her embrace.

I was alone; and so I prayed. Then you came, White Robed, an Angel! You put your arms about me and drew me into the quiet of your convent.

I stumbled through the door and fell from weariness. You gave me drink and food and love. Ah, love! Such love that showered upon my dying heart.

Now I bring to you my tiny treasures. You take them and I bring you more and more. And you tell me of your Savior, White-robed Angel. I look into your eyes and I think I see Him there.

Oh, White-robed Angel, if your Savior is my Savior too, He will come to me and claim me as His own. I shall ask Him that I dwell forever with you, White-robed Angel of the Convent.

## Dost Thou Know?

HILTON H. JONES

The mind is a garden—  
You may grow therein  
The flowers of God,  
Or the weeds of sin.

The heart is a river  
Where life's blood flows  
With evil or good  
As the crimson tide goes.

The soul is a ship  
That God gave to thee  
To sail life's calm  
Or troubled sea,  
Drifting at last to eternity.

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## Notes of Interest

### From the Field of Science

—In regard to sterilization of criminals, a *Scientific American* editorial has the following: 'We are against this law, not because we wish to drink a toast to crime, but because we do not believe science has enough knowledge of heredity yet to warrant putting the change into practice.'

—American fish have been used to stock Lake Fully in Switzerland. European fish were unable to withstand the cold, as the lake was frozen over from November to June. The sturdy lake trout of our New England states solved the problem.

—A bill in Congress would adopt the columbine as the national flower of the United States. The United States Hay Fever Association, in its dislike of the goldenrod as a cause of hay fever, favors the change. Some Republican politicians are said to favor the elephant ear, whilst some Tammany politicians favor the tiger lily.

—An airplane equipped with a special camera can make rapid surveys of rough regions. Wild sections of Alaska have just been mapped in this manner. The State Highway Commission of Indiana has contracted for similar surveys in hilly regions.

—Europe's largest hydro-electric dam is planned by the Russian Government at an estimated cost of seventy million dollars. It will make the Dnieper River navigable for a distance of 600 miles from the Black Sea.

—Quacks that profess to cure cancer will have a chance to make money. A fifty-thousand-dollar prize has been offered for a real cancer cure.

—The hottest thing on earth reaches a temperature of some 14,432 degrees Fahrenheit. Very fine wires are literally exploded, instead of being melted, by the surge of a very powerful electrical current. The blinding flash lasts such a short time, that special apparatus is necessary to record the changes, which show intense heat, and a state of matter corresponding to the incandescence of the sun's interior. Astronomers thus imitate the stellar temperature of 36,000 Fahrenheit to study miniature stars in the laboratory.

—Television's latest is the successful transmission from Washington to New York of Secretary Hoover's speech and figure. By the New York audience the Washington speaker was seen on a screen, as he delivered his message. The principle of transmission is that a film of potassium metal in a vacuum tube can be made to transmit a small electric current when light shines upon it. Successive dots of light playing upon the speaker's face are reflected to the transmitting tubes, the varying electric currents then reproduce at the receiving end the dots which blend into a picture. The prediction is made that in the near future some similar attachment to a telephone will enable you to see the party to whom you are speaking.

—A deaf brass band may seem impossible,—but a

New York institution for training the deaf finds the band a valuable aid. Very few people are totally deaf. Every deaf person gets more or less into the habit of not hearing. A loud sound, such as band music, aids in training attention to sound, and hearing is found to improve.

—A recent analysis of accidents shows that in the city it is safer to ride in the street cars than to walk.

—A new instrument measures one hundred millionth of a second. It is used in research work for electrical discharges.

—The best disinfectant for a house, whence tubercular people have moved, is thorough cleansing with soap and water. Crowded, dirty flats have proved less dangerous in the spread of tuberculosis than a person who throws his sputum carelessly about.

—For years it has been known that first aid in bichloride of mercury poisoning is the administration of raw eggs, the white of eggs or milk. Recent experiments show that the milk is the best, for it spreads rapidly throughout the stomach. Then several raw eggs should follow,—the whole egg serving as well as the white alone. In any case, the stomach should be washed out repeatedly.

—Persimmon blocks, seasoned for two years or more, have been found best for the head of golf clubs.

—Electricity heats the filament of the ordinary lamp. An electric steam boiler uses the same principle for generating steam. Where cheap electricity can be had, or where the off-peak loads of high power generating plants allow, the current is sent through the water of a special boiler, generating steam for power.

### "APPLIED" SCIENCE

—Divorce mills manufacture their products from very raw materials.

—If the air mail carries parcel post, should the zones be called ozones?

—Nearly every profession requires long training and many examinations,—especially that of parenthood.

—Many wives are said to walk a mile in preparing a meal. It seems the delicatessens do not deliver the goods.

—Grammarians and others are disputing whether matrimony is a word or a sentence.

—Smoking is said to make a woman's voice very harsh. No wonder,—as housekeeper, she must so often complain of the untidiness of men smokers.

—There may be two sides to every question, but for the fly, there is only one side to fly paper.

—We are sometimes thankful that the characters in certain movies do not have the gift of speech.

—The modern packing plant uses everything of the hog but the squeal. The purchaser furnishes this with every advance in price.

—The brain should shape our thoughts, but often the pocket-book does.

### Miscellaneous

—The village of Westphalia, Iowa, which numbers only 48 inhabitants, has already given to the Church 36 of its children. Of these part are religious and part are in the priesthood. The most distinguished of the latter is the newly appointed Bishop of Davenport, Rt. Rev. Henry P. Rohmann.

—A house has been opened at Edmonton, England, for belated vocations. Twenty-five years ago a similar institution was established at Walworth in the same country. Since the war France has a number of houses in which belated vocations are fostered. For some years past the Catholic Church Extension Society of America has been helping young men of this kind to the priesthood. Last year a seminary was opened in New York State to aid belated vocations.

—A triple celebration took place not long ago near Mosbach, Baden, when the father and mother of a family observed the twenty-fifth anniversary of their wedding. On the same occasion their eldest son offered up his first Mass and another son was married.

—Father Grimshaw, missionary among the Africans of Uganda, which gave the Church twenty-two martyrs, says that there are now 275,000 baptized Catholics among the natives and 200,000 under instruction. Laboring in this field are twenty-five native priests, and 120 natives preparing for the priesthood. The children from eight to ten years have such retentive memories that they can memorize the catechism in two months.

—At the funeral of the late Bishop John J. O'Connor, of Newark N. J., who died on May 20, Cardinal Hayes celebrated the Requiem. Among those present at the obsequies were Most Rev. Pietro Fumasoni-Biondi, Apostolic Delegate, nine bishops, many monsignori, and more than 800 priests. Prominent among the Protestants in attendance were the Episcopal Bishop of Newark, Rt. Rev. Edwin S. Lines, an octogenarian, and his coadjutor, Rt. Rev. Wilson R. Searly.

—The second annual school report of the Propagation of the Faith in the Archdiocese of Chicago shows that the school children of the Archdiocese gathered for the missions during the past year the magnificent sum of \$28,557.33. This is quite an increase over the previous year during which they gathered \$18,217.18.

—At St. Elizabeth's Church for colored Catholics in Chicago a class of 123 colored children ranging in age from 7 to 16, also 44 adults, were baptized on Sunday, May 8. More than 1,000 colored children attend St. Elizabeth's School and of these only 450 are Catholic. Chicago has a colored population of 165,000. Of these only 35,000 profess Christianity in some form or other. Evidently we need not go to the heart of Africa to convert the pagan African.

—Rev. Vincent D. Warren, S. S. J., pastor of St. Joseph's Church for the colored at Norfolk, Va., is accomplishing wonders. Last year he received eighty converts into the Church. On May 1 of this year a class of 103 colored converts received baptism. Of these forty-five were men and boys, sixty were women and girls. Bishop Brennan of Richmond was present. Ten priests

performed the ceremonies. It is Father Warren's custom to instruct adults for two years, while children are instructed for a year and a half after they have expressed the desire to enter the Church.—Eleven years ago there were 275 colored children in the St. Joseph's School, to-day there are 875. These children are taught by nine Franciscan Sisters and ten young colored women teachers. The curriculum embraces eight grammar grades and four years high school.

—The first annual rally and Field Mass of the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade of Hamilton County, Ohio, was held on May 29 in Corcoran Field, the athletic stadium of St. Xavier College, Cincinnati. Fifty thousand or more attended the inspiring service. Bishop Beckman, of Lincoln, Nebr., National Executive Chairman of the Crusade, celebrated Pontifical High Mass. A special choir of 1,000 sang the "proper" of the Mass, while 11,000 children sang in almost perfect accord the Kyrie, Gloria, Credo, Sanctus, and Agnus Dei of the "Missa Brevis," which was composed by Nicola A. Montani, who was present on the occasion. Amplifiers carried to every listener of the vast audience the chanted words of the sacred service. Station WSAI put the entire program on the air. Many tuned in at their homes to enjoy the service.

### Eucharistic

—At the close of a mission at Dundalk in Ireland not long ago an all-night vigil was kept before the Blessed Sacrament by the men of the parish. Each organization of the parish was asked to send a delegation of adorers. The minimum was fixed at twelve. Some promised sixty. Most of the volunteers chose the hardest hours, some even offered to watch for three or four hours. The vigil began at 9 p. m. with exposition of the Blessed Sacrament and a hymn. At the close of the hour chimes rang out and another group of adorers took their place. Up to 1 a. m. there were never less than 500 men present at each hour, while from 1 to 5 the number varied from 300 to 1,000. From 11 o'clock on a short sermon was preached each hour. More than 1,800 men were present at the final Mass and 1,100 received Holy Communion.

—June 19th has been named as general Communion day for all the Catholics of Chicago "in commemoration of the Chicago Eucharistic Congress and as a spiritual bouquet for His Eminence Cardinal Mundelein." A monster Corpus Christi procession was arranged to take place on the afternoon of the Sunday within the Octave of the feast at Mundelein where the closing exercises of the great Eucharistic Congress were held last year.

### Benedictine

—At the invitation of Bishop Ledvina of Corpus Christi, Texas, the Benedictines of New Subiaco Abbey in Arkansas will erect a college near the episcopal city on a plot of ground that faces Nueces Bay.

—Rt. Rev. Dom Paul Ferretti, O. S. B., President of the Pontifical Institute of Sacred Music at Rome, is

(Continued on page 134)

## Our Sioux Indian Missions

Conducted by CLARE HAMPTON

**EDITOR'S NOTE:**—The Benedictine Fathers of St. Meinrad Abbey, St. Meinrad, Indiana, have charge of three mission fields among the Sioux Indians. The northernmost of these missions is that of Seven Dolors at Fort Totten, North Dakota. The missionary who looks after the Indians in this territory is Father Ambrose Mattingley, O. S. B. Grey Nuns, whose mother house is in Canada, have been faithful cooperators at this mission for more than fifty years.

Not far from the South Dakota State Capital is the Immaculate Conception Indian Mission School, at Stephan, S. D. Here the veteran missionary, Father Pius Boehm, O. S. B., and Father Justin Snyder, O. S. B., who is still young in the ministry, hold forth. Benedictine Sisters from Yankton, S. D., conduct the mission school. Freight and express will reach the mission if sent via Highmore, S. D.

On the Yankton Indian Reservation at Marty, S. D., is the St. Paul Indian Mission with Father Sylvester Eisenman, O. S. B., in charge. Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament came from Philadelphia to instruct the Indian children at Marty. In the few years of his administration Father Sylvester has, with the hearty cooperation of many benefactors, established a flourishing colony on the barren prairie. Many have been his worries and great is his burden, yet, he, like his confreres in the mission field, labor on in the firm conviction that Divine Providence will continue to send them helpers that the good work may go on, for it is God's work.—Marty is eleven miles from Ravinia, the nearest railway station.

### Springtime at the Missions

Miss Spring has been very coy and shy and uncertain this year, due to Jack Frost's ungallant behavior in disputing possession of the land with her. Besides that, he has been showing a bad temper over being dispossessed of the land where he ruled king all winter, by sending ill winds which did damage in many parts of the country. Father Ambrose writes that during a three-day blow, accompanied by a steady downpour, the chimney of their little cottage was partly blown down, filling the house with gas and soot. As if poor Seven Dolors had not suffered enough! Such are the trials of the missionary. The roof was spared, but it leaks badly, and it was impossible to repair the chimney until the storm subsided.

It became bitter cold, and Father and the nuns had to do without a fire and eat cold meals, because the smoke all backed into the house when they tried to make a fire. But God loves the heroes and heroines of religion. It seems He tests and tries those faithful souls over and over, delighted with the pure gold He finds in the crucible. For gold

does not become pure unless it goes through the fire again and again. Surely it gives Him comfort to find such faithful souls amid the world's ingratitude, and He will not be outdone in generosity. In return for the hardships and discomforts his missionaries are bearing for His sake and in His name, He is storing fabulous riches up in Heaven. For each heartache and sorrow and discouragement they bear for His sake, He will bestow precious gifts, for His love and appreciation are more tender than that of a mother.

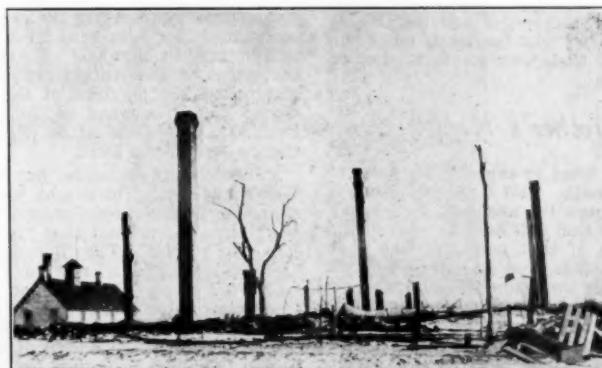
### Bright Silk Pieces

Every woman has a scrap bag, in which she keeps pieces of silks and other materials, left over from her sewing—at least, most of them do. Many of these pieces will perhaps never be used again. Now, during house-cleaning time, perhaps many housewives will sell these scraps to the rag man, but stop! Here is a new use to put them to: Send them to the poor Indian women, who will make pretty articles of them, to be sold for Father Ambrose's benefit. He is trying so hard to scrape together a fund, at least enough to put up small temporary buildings in which a school and church may be started without delay. Here is one way of helping; send on your silk, satin, velvet and crepe pieces—remnants of ginghams and other light goods can be used too. The bright, pretty colors, and the blacks and blues and browns—all can be made into salable articles. Write for directions or send them direct to CLARE HAMPTON, 3435A Utah Street, St. Louis, Mo.

### Easter at Seven Dolors

On Palm Sunday the little Indian children made self-denial offerings of their pennies and nickels for the Home and Foreign Missions, and twenty dollars were collected. These pennies are like the widow's mite; they amount to but little, but in God's coffers they swell to unheard of proportions, because they were the "all" of the donors. Yet these little ones, who receive money so seldom, instead of spending it for delicacies, of which, like all other children, they are so fond, were proud and happy to be able to drop something into the basket in church.

How many of our children receive "candy money" every day from fond parents and relatives, yet never dream of dropping a penny or two in the mite box on Sister's desk. Yet, if parents would encourage such acts of unselfishness, setting the example themselves, the little ones would quickly follow suit. In one school all the children brought a dime a week throughout Lent for the missions; there was one boy who displayed nickels, dimes, even dollar bills to his



RUINS OF SEVEN DOLORS SCHOOL AND CHURCH



SIOUX INDIAN HUT AT SEVEN DOLORS MISSION

*The two children are orphans: Little Joe, who died Jan. 2, and Martha Leftbear, with their aunt Mrs. Aggie Blacktiger*

classmates; who had a liveried chauffeur bring him in the morning and call for him in the evening; whose home was in an exclusive neighborhood; yet, during Holy Week, when Sister took up the count, this boy had not paid in one dime during the whole of Lent, nor did he offer a penny toward the fund, even when it was about to be turned over to the pastor.

### Select Your Mission Activity

THE GRAIL has many hundreds of readers, and when only a few of these respond, the effect is wonderful. What, then, would happen, if each and every GRAIL reader would select some small Mission activity, and loyally support it? There are many ways of helping—we have suggested a few; some ways may strike some, some may strike others, as being the best way for them. Whatever way you may choose to help, remember you are doing it all for God—and He never forgets. Whatever way seems handiest for you, let that be the way in which you assist—but, by all means, let us awaken to the great and crying need in our very midst. The West is still a great mission field. It will still be many years before civilization advances so far, that all these wastes and fastnesses and profitless prairies will be harnessed for the use and comfort of man.

Meanwhile, there are many precious souls languishing and dragging out mere existences on these waste lands, souls who can be won for Heaven if our people are loyal to the brave missionaries who fearlessly work "on the firing line," heedless of their own comfort. Let us help our Catholic Missions!

### Am I my Brother's Keeper

Thus said Cain when he tried to sidestep the responsibility for his brother's death. Did God hold him responsible or not? We all know the answer. How many of us realize that Almighty God *will hold* us responsible for our neighbor's welfare, if that neighbor was poor and hungry, and had no clothes, and was ill and didn't even have the money for his own funeral—and we had plenty, over and above our needs, and reveled in luxuries, and bought expensive clothing and food, and saw good shows and rode in glittering motor cars. Yet, not a thought of the poor.

Our missionaries tell us that of all the donations they receive, nine-tenths of them come from people in mod-

erate circumstances—some of them can hardly spare what they send, yet, the giving is such a pleasure to them, they would not forego it for worlds. Our Lord has a tender spot in His Heart for such cheerful givers; surely He looks down with a loving smile upon them, and He does not forget them in their needs. Remember the widow's mite? Though she gave but a few pence, her action pleased Him so that He called His apostles' attention to it.

### The Harvest is White

"The harvest is white, but the laborers few," may be truly said of this mission field. Here, one priest has to cover a territory, which, in the city, would call for four or five priests. The cities are teeming with capable and likely young men and women, who have had all the advantages of a good education—a good Catholic grammar and high schools. These young men and women, standing fresh, young, and untried, on the threshold of the world, radiant and trustful, have their lives in their hands.

The world offers thousands of alluring opportunities, and it rests with them to only stretch out their hands to pluck one of them. But how many of these same trustful young men and women will be able to say, twenty years from now, "I have done well, and I am satisfied?" How many will be satisfied, and how many disillusioned? How many will find that what they so eagerly reached after has turned to dross, and the gold to ashes? The world has not treated them well, and the wine they so eagerly quaffed has turned bitter in their mouths.

### JESUS ALONE IS CHANGELESS

But there is One Who is the same always; His love never changes; with Him there is no heart-racking regret, or bitter disillusionment. He who chooses Jesus as his portion, possesses Heaven and earth; he who despises the world and its tawdry show, loses but little; he who thrusts the world and its glitter beneath his feet is saving himself from disappointment forever.

For the Lord beckons: "Come," He lovingly says, "why tarry you? Come you also and work in my vineyard. He who leaves father or mother, or sister or brother, or home, for My sake, shall receive a hundred-fold." The missions beckon; the workers are few; the misery of the poor helpless souls in the reservations cries out aloud for pity.

If there is any young man or woman who cannot understand wherein lies the charm of poverty and self-immolation, let him read first the life of that Prince of Poverty, St. Francis of Assisi, then let them open the pages of the Autobiography of the Little Flower, and inhale the perfume of the peaceful cloister it exhales; let them read of the glorious missionary, St. Francis Xavier, and of St. Peter Claver, and taste of the vintage of the Lord.

"The harvest is white, but the laborers few." Ah, that more young men and women standing on the threshold of life would choose well—choose "the better part," and learn what that "hundredfold" is which the Lord promised! The Benedictine monastery of St. Meinrad will gladly receive all young men who are interested in our Western and Northwestern Missions. "To better the human race" is a phrase we all lean to. Here is a glorious chance to raise from the dust a whole people. Were there plenty of workers, this whole vast region might be reclaimed for the Lord, for they are a simple, faithful people, and once taught the truths of religion, they remain steadfast.

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AGNES BROWN HERING

**MY DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS:**—When you do right, your parents, your teachers, or those for whom you are working, praise and reward you, and when you do wrong, you are as a rule scolded, and perhaps punished too.

God also rewards the good and punishes the wicked. He rewards or punishes either in this life or in the one to come. God does this because He is just.

Good people like what is good and dislike what is bad. God loves all that is good, and hates all that is bad, because He is holy.

It is told of Abraham Lincoln that he once pardoned a Confederate spy instead of ordering him shot. Lincoln did this because he was merciful.

In this life God pardons us not once only, but every time we are sorry for our sins and repent of them. He does this because He is merciful.

When you have sinned, if you tell God in confession how sorry you are and ask His forgiveness, He will pardon you. God is just, holy, and merciful, as He is infinitely perfect.

July is the month of the Precious Blood. The picture on THE GRAIL Calendar shows Veronica holding the cloth upon which is the print of the face of Our Blessed Lord.

You remember that, when He was on the way to Calvary and was met by the holy women of Jerusalem, Veronica wiped His face which was covered with blood issuing from the wounds made by the blows He had received and by the crown of thorns.

In this picture St. Veronica is showing the sacred veil to a group of holy women, chief among them being Mary Magdalene who is prostrate with grief at the sight of the sacred countenance.

### July Feasts

Among the feast days of July are those of the Most Precious Blood on the 1st, the Visitation of the Blessed Virgin Mary on the 2nd, Our Lady of Mt. Carmel on the 16th, St. Vincent de Paul on the 19th, St. Mary Magdalene on the 22nd, St. James the Apostle on the 25th, and St. Anne, mother of the Blessed Virgin, on the 26th.

### Bible Verses

For God made the little and the great, and He hath equally care of all.

He that is without sin among you, let him cast the first stone at her.

Labor not for the meat which perisheth, but for that which endureth unto life everlasting.

As a father hath compassion on

his children, so hath the Lord compassion on them that fear Him.

Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God.

Labor not for the meat that perisheth, but for that which endureth unto life everlasting.

Amen, Amen, I say unto you, He that believeth in Me hath life everlasting.

He that eateth My flesh and drinketh My blood abideth in Me, and I in Him.

I am the bread of life. He that cometh to Me shall not hunger: and he that believeth in Me shall never thirst.

### The Beggar's Cup

Into the beggar's cup  
I drop my mite,  
I who have feet to walk,  
And eyes for sight.

Some day when my own cup  
All empty stands,  
I shall hold out to Heaven  
Suppliant hands.

Then may He think of this  
Small, kindly deed,  
And fill with heavenly grace  
My hour of need.

—Rosamond Livingston McNaught.

### Super Man

De ole hen cackle,  
De rooster crow,  
De pig he squeal,  
De cohn hit grow,  
De ducks dey squabble,  
De pigeons coo—  
Dey's wu'kin', honey,  
Fo' me'en you!

De win' hit whis'le  
De sun hit shine,  
De punkin' ripen  
Dar on de vine;  
De rain hit come  
En lay de dus'  
En' de Lawd is sholy  
Jes' good ter us!

De stahs dey blink,  
De moon shine bright.  
De old dog bahk,  
De fishes bite.  
De 'possum grin  
On de 'simmon tree,  
En' hits all fo' you—  
En' you's fo' me!—Ex.



CORNELITES FROM THE MIDDLE WEST

## LETTER BOX

There has been a marked improvement of late in the quality of letters received by the LETTER BOX, and the editor is glad to note that the readers of THE CORNER are observing the rules so nicely.

Some very excellent letters have been sent in, too, and we are sure that more will follow in the future. The letters containing the most information are the ones enjoyed the most by the readers, although all are welcome. Do not forget to write during vacation.

(Letters for the LETTER BOX should be addressed to Agnes Brown Hering, Royal, Nebraska.)

### SOME RULES FOR BUTTON WINNERS

Write with pen and ink (or on typewriter), not with pencil; use only one side of the paper; be sure to write so that the editor and the typesetter can read your letters. Ink blots and misspelt words count against you. Neatness and legible writing are points in your favor.

Leave a margin of one inch at the left edge of the paper and another of about half an inch to the right.

Sign your name at right of paper, and age at left.

Use correct English.

### HONORABLE MENTION

Veronica Rosemary Heffron, 332 Durand St., Sarnia, Ontario, Canada.

Wilma M. C. Vesonder, 23 Patterson Ave., Duquesne, Pa.

Iler Jean Mullen, 6th and Washington St., Cannelton, Ind.

Imogene Brunner, 1620 Tauro St., New Orleans, La.  
Mildred Bowling, New Haven, Ky.

### BUTTON WINNERS

Cornelia Hellmann, 1119 Charles St., Louisville, Ky.  
Marie A. Fischer, 503 E. Livingston Ave., Columbus, Ohio.

Edwin Beard, 2306 Sidney St., St. Louis, Mo.

Marie Antoinette Thuis, 403 N. 3rd St., Vincennes, Ind.

Cathryn Bowen, 66 West 40th St., Bayonne, N. J.

Mary Josephine Burn, Calhoun, Ky.

Rose Hildenbrand, Route 3, Box 178, Louisville, Ky.  
Terry A. Downes, 25 Eastern Parkway, Jersey City, N. J.

Dear Aunt Agnes,

I have always longed to become one of your nieces but have never gotten enough courage to write. I hope you will accept me. I wish all your nieces and nephews will write to me and I promise them prompt replies.

I am fifteen years of age and attend St. Vincent de Paul School. Hoping to see my letter in print, I remain, Your new niece, Cornelia Hellmann, 1119 Charles St., Louisville, Ky.

Dear Aunt Agnes:

"The Grail" comes to our home every month, and I read with interest the letters in the "Corner." I write this letter with two purposes in mind. First, to ask for membership in the "Corner"; Second; to ask all "Cornerites" to write to me. I answer letters promptly. I can tell lots about St. Louis. I live in the district known as "South St. Louis." It's really the nicest part of St. Louis. I've lived in the western and northern part of St. Louis, but I like South St. Louis best. But, I'm going talk a little about myself and that, you may be sure, will be no hard job. I'm 12 years old and in the sixth grade at St. Agnes' School.

We get every week at our school a little magazine called "The Young Catholic Messenger." It's a wonder-

ful little magazine for 50¢ per year. The last page is called "The Puzzle Corner" and I intend to join it soon. Prizes are offered for those who get the most points in solving the puzzles.

I'll be only too glad to answer all letters, dear Cornerites."

I am, Yours sincerely, Edwin Beard, 2306 Sidney St., St. Louis, Mo.

Dear Aunt Agnes,

One of my most ardent desires is to become a Cornerite. I am seventeen years old and hope I am not too old to be admitted to the Corner.

I have lived in Columbus all of my life and love my home town very much. We are not regular subscribers but receive the Grail through my aunt, who gives them to us when she has read them. My sister and I enjoy reading them very much and read them through from cover to cover.

I will close hoping to see my letter in print. Wishing much luck to the Grail and Cornerites, I am, Marie A. Fischer, 503 E. Livingston Ave., Columbus, Ohio.

P. S. I would love to hear from Cornerites, both girls and boys. I promised to answer all letters.

Dear Aunt Agnes,

Although I have been reading the "Grail" for some time, I have never seen a letter from our city, the home of "Alice of Old Vincennes," which I will attempt to describe.

Vincennes is situated on the east bank of the Picturesque Wabash river. It has a population of some twenty thousand and is in Knox County, which is the center of a very abundant agricultural district.

On Main Street from First Street, which is the first street east of the river, to seventh street is a continuous line of business houses. Most of second Street and Busseron Street are also business streets. North and south of Main Street are the residential sections, which have many beautiful homes.

Vincennes, popularly known as the most historic spot in Indiana, has been justly named.

Overlooking the river in the north side of the city is the William Henry Harrison mansion, in which former president Harrison lived, in the time of the Indians. Near his home is the Legislature building, the first of its kind in the Northwest Territory. Both of these buildings contain the original furnishings and many other historical relics of the early American age. The St. Francis Xavier Cathedral, the oldest church west of the Allegheny mountains, and the old Cathedral Library, are places of interest to all, visitors and home folk alike. Included among some of the writings in the library are letters and legal documents of Bishop Bruté, Father Gibault, Francis Vigo, and other personages, important in the capture of Vincennes, and the progress and growth of the Northwest Territory.

Altogether Vincennes has twenty-six churches, three of which are Catholic churches in the city and one Catholic church east of here, which is also the girls' and boys' orphanage for the diocese of Indianapolis. There are three high schools, one for Catholic girls, one for Catholic boys, and one public high school. The Vincennes University, which was founded in 1806, is the oldest university of the Northwest Territory.

Of the population, which was originally French, nine-tenths per cent are American.

The Wabash River affords an excellent place for fishing, especially for bass, and its banks are annually filled with campers who find them an ideal resort.

I attend Saint Rose Academy and will graduate in June with a class of eight, which is about the smallest class to finish from there for a long time.

Although there are two years before the Sesqui-Cen-

July, 1927

## THE GRAIL

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tennial Celebration, by which the city is planning to commemorate its capture by George Rogers Clark, I expect to greet many of the Cornerites who I am sure will come.

Sending best wishes to all, I remain, Sincerely, Marie Antoinette Thuis, 403 N. 3rd St., Vincennes, Ind.

Dear Aunt Agnes,

I guess my last letter went astray. I sincerely hope this one will reach its desired destinations, the Grail Corner.

Two years ago I went to Washington, D. C. While there I visited many interesting places. Among those I visited were the Capitol, the White House, Potomac Park and the Lincoln Memorial, The College of the Art of War, The City of Alexandria, the Arlington National Cemetery, and Fort Myer, although they stand on Virginian soil. I also visited many more but it would fill this page to enumerate them.

The Capitol, the heart of the nation, stands in the center of the city, surrounded by beautiful parklike grounds. Stretching out its great white mass of sandstone and marble for a number of feet, and crowned by an immense dome on which stands a statue of Freedom rearing its helmeted head about two hundred and eighty five feet above the ground. This is one of the most imposing buildings in the world. As one approaches it from the East, great flights of steps seem to flow from beneath the huge columns that work its three giant porticos. To the left is the wing housing the House of Representatives, to the right, the wing in which are the senate chambers. From the porticos in the center two big bronze doors, with panels illustrating the life of Christopher Columbus, swing back and lead into the rotunda about ninety feet in diameter, from which you gaze up one hundred and eighty feet into the dome. Its walls are decorated with paintings and statues representing important scenes and figures in American history. Here many of the presidents of the United States were inaugurated in office.

To the right of the rotunda are the rooms of the United States Supreme Court; to the left is Statuary Hall, in which are placed statues of leading citizens from every state in the Union. This Hall was formerly the Hall of Representatives, and its walls have echoed to the stirring speeches of Webster and Clay, Adams and Calhoun.

As you ascend the spiral staircase to the crowning cupola of the great dome, Washington spreads out before you in an impressive panorama. What at first appears to be a maze of crisscross thoroughfares stands out suddenly in orderly arrangement. You see that the general plan is composed of streets running at right angles to each other and that these are intersected by broad avenues, sweeping diagonally from one corner of the city to the other. The principal ones converge like spokes of a wheel below you at the capital grounds, while farther out others are focal centers. Wherever two of these great tree-lined avenues meet, small circles and squares have sprung up.

Facing eastward and looking down almost beneath your feet you see on each side of Capitol Square the buildings erected for private offices of the members of Congress, the one on the left for the representatives.

Ahead looms the massive bulk of the library of Congress, considered one of the finest of libraries in the world, if not the finest. Two copies of every book copyrighted under the laws of the United States must be deposited free in the Library of Congress, and here also are gathered books by purchase from all over the world and some of the nation's most important historical documents. Here one can see the smallest book in the world. The walls and ceilings are splendidly decorated with mural paintings, all by eminent American artists, representing the Arts, Sciences, History, and

Mythology, and the march of civilization. It is from the other side of the cupola, however, that the best view of official Washington presents itself. From here your eye follows the broad sweep of Pennsylvania Avenue, the principal street of the city running diagonally toward the Northwest.

There now I will not tire you more. If you would like to know more about your Capitol, I would suggest you read something along that line. It is easy reading matter and much more interesting, I promise you, than my description. I have read pretty nearly all books on the Capitol and sights of Washington, D. C., so that my little description should be better, but of course all of us cannot be writers. This, of course, I am not.

I will gladly answer any letters written me by girl or boy of my age.

Your loving niece, Cathryn Bowen, 66 West 40 St., Bayonne, N. J.

Dear Aunt Agnes and Cousins:

This is my second letter to the "Letter Box," and I was very glad to see my last one published. May I have the pleasure of asking for a "fidelity pin"? If so, I would be very proud to wear one. I would like to hear from more "Cornerites" and I promise to answer their letters in a reasonable time. I would like to know what happened to Rita McCortin that she is not answering my letter? I have written to Dorothy Burgoon, but I haven't received an answer from her so far. At Calhoun we are having a good deal of trouble over getting a bridge, and I hope we succeed in getting one. I will close, hoping to see this letter in the next issue, and also to receive a "Fidelity Pin." Your niece, Mary Josephine Burn, Calhoun, Ky.

Dear Aunt Agnes,

I have long desired to become one of your nieces, and hope you will adopt me.

I am fifteen years of age and attend St. Vincent de Paul's School.

I hope that many of the boys and girls will write to me, and I promise to answer their letters immediately.

Hoping to see my letter in print, I remain,

Your niece, Rose Hildenbrand, Route No. 3, Box 178, Louisville, Ky.

Dear Agnes:

I have read all the interesting letters of the Cornerites, and would like to be considered one myself.

I am fifteen years of age, and in second year high school.

I am fond of corresponding and would like for all of the girls and boys of my age to drop me a few lines. I shall answer all letters.

Hoping that I am accepted as a Cornerite, and this letter printed in the next current issue, I am,

Respectfully yours, Marvin Teague, 709 Wabash Ave., Evansville, Indiana.

Dear Aunt Agnes,

I do not receive the "Grail" but have read many issues which I got from my sisters and friends. What most interests me is the "Children's Corner" and the letter box. I would love to become a member of the Corner, and therefore am writing to be admitted.

I am fourteen years of age and in eighth grade. I attend Holy Trinity School which is in charge of the Sisters of the Incarnate Word and Blessed Sacrament. I enjoy all my lessons but I like Religion and Latin best.

The city I live in is situated on the Monongahela River about nine miles south of Pittsburgh.

We have several parks in our vicinity but the one nearest our home is named Kennywood Park which is

(Continued on page 141)

## Benedictine

(Continued from page 128)

giving at the Pius X School of Liturgical Music of New York a special course in the historical development of Gregorian chant and ecclesiastical legislation for sacred music. The Pius X School is on the grounds of the College of the Sacred Heart, Manhattanville, New York.

—According to the Irish Times (Dublin, May 12) Dom Celestin Golenvaux, O. S. B., Abbot of Maredsous, Belgium, arrived on the Irish coast with a colony of monks who are to found the Irish Abbey of Glenstal, at Glenstal Co., Limerick. It is the intention of the monks to establish a school similar to that at Maredsous in which such subjects as sculpture, cabinetmaking, and bookbinding will be taught.

—The Abbey of St. André at Lophem, near Bruges, Belgium, now has a Chinese novice. On Holy Saturday of last year the Abbot of St. André baptized Mr. Albert Yeng and a year later clothed him with the habit of St. Benedict.

—Despite the troublous times in the Far East Dom Pius, O. S. B., and Dom Jean, O. S. B., two monks of the Abbey of St. André, Lophem, Belgium, set sail, according to report from abroad, on May 27 for China with the intention of making preparations for another Benedictine foundation in that distant land. The Holy Father gave his special blessing to the project.

—The first unit of the New Mount Angel, which is destined to arise from the ashes of the abbey and college that were destroyed by fire some eight months ago, is now under way. The monastic home of the community, together with the sanctuary of the future church, will be built first. The style of architecture will be Romanesque. The buildings, which are to be thoroughly fireproof, will be of reinforced concrete with brick veneer.

## Missionaries Dig up the Hatchet

(Continued from page 103)

*Every now and then you receive a letter through the mails asking for a donation for this or that purpose! "Now and then."—Yes, it does happen, frequently. The missionaries on the frontier are multiplying. Holy Church is sending out to the firing line new recruits, young men who can see an opportunity, and who are determined to battle for it. Things move fast nowadays, so much so that a neglected opportunity may soon become a positive obstacle. Upon carefully surveying their work, the first thing these missionaries do is to write to the general collecting agency a strong letter, appealing for help. The reply is either a small donation, that utterly falls short of the missionary's need, or a letter telling the missionary that the funds are not on hand, and that he must wait indefinitely. Yes, the collecting agencies will tell the missionary that they "cannot collect one twentieth of the money needed." We have examples in mind of missionaries who waited, and they are still waiting, though their hair*

has turned from gray to white; their opportunities have disappeared and their harvest, after long years, has not yet ripened. We have also missionaries who did not wait, but who proceeded to fight the battle alone. These men have succeeded. They have sent out their letters of appeal, and there were those of the clergy and laity who encouraged them by lending a helping hand. They have succeeded. Their harvests have ripened, and Heaven has already garnered a goodly portion of the crop. Is it fitting that against these any collecting society direct an article of protest and condemnation? Yes, dear readers, do not wonder that "every now and then" you receive a letter from one or other of the missionaries who are in want.

*Most of them are from religious sources.* It so happens that Holy Mother Church has seen fit to establish certain societies, whom she calls the religious. These religious, by their training, their vows, and their mode of living, are eminently equipped to take over certain tasks or certain fields of labor in the Church. Among these is the mission field, for nearly all the missions have been assigned by Holy Church to the religious. Now, we all know that the missions are not self-supporting. They are the homeless waif of Mother Church. Need we wonder then that most of these appeals are from "religious sources"?

(Conclusion next month)

## Abbey and Seminary

—The students of the Theological Seminary had their annual May Day on the 18th. Because of the inclement weather early in the morning the noonday spread took place in the spacious basement of the new seminary.

—Coincident with the May Day celebration was the annual reunion of the class of '09. Out of a class of 16 the following were present: Very Rev. James Gregoire, R. D., pastor of the "Old Cathedral," Vincennes; the Revs. Joseph Hamill, Ph. D., Vice Chancellor of the Diocese of Indianapolis, Albert Busald, Michael Downey, and Francis Patterson, Indianapolis; James Holland, Cannelburg; Theodore Vollmer, St. Philipp's, Ind.; Stephen Sullivan, Chicago; Daniel Quinn, Aurora, Ill.; Augustine Haberkorn, O. S. B., St. Meinrad. Dr. Hamill, assisted by other members of the class, was celebrant of the Solemn High Mass. The singing of the Chancel Choir at the Mass was appreciated by the visitors.

—The formal opening of the College Auditorium took place on May 22. Entertainment was provided by the orchestra and the chancel choir. Hon. Joseph Hirsch, an alumnus of the College, was the orator of the day. Many people were present from neighboring cities.

—Brother Bernardine Olinger, O. S. B., the patriarch of the community, passed away calmly and quietly on May 24 after a short illness. Death found him willing and ready to go. Although the deceased was born in Luxemburg on July 25, 1839, the family emigrated shortly thereafter to the land of promise beyond the

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seas, settling at Ferdinand, Ind. After he had entered the novitiate of the young Benedictine Priory at St. Meinrad in 1864, he was called to the colors, for the United States was then in the throes of the Civil War. Finding a substitute, he was not obliged to serve, but his novitiate had been broken. Returning to St. Meinrad several years later, and entering the novitiate again, he made his profession as a lay brother on Jan. 20, 1868. In 1918 occurred the golden jubilee of his profession. For many years Bro. Bernardine was overseer of the Abbey farm. A sister of the deceased, who belonged to the Benedictine community at Covington, Ky., preceded him in death. Bro. Aloysius, a brother, and Father Eberhard, a nephew, are members of our community. Another nephew, Rev. Aloysius Olinger, is a secular priest in Louisiana. Other relatives live near by. The funeral was held on Friday, May 27, when the remains were laid reverently away in the little God's acre, which lies on the western slope of the hill, to await the coming of the Son of Justice. R. I. P.

—George Adams, an Alumnus of our College, who was pursuing a course in philosophy at Cincinnati, together with another seminarian, had the misfortune to lose his life by drowning on May 25. Both were in a canoe on the Little Miami River. How the sad accident happened no one seems to know. The bodies were not recovered until four days later. R. I. P.

The fiftieth anniversary of the ordination of Father Pius Boehm, O. S. B., our senior Indian missionary, occurred on May 28. No details have reached us of the celebration.

—The students of the Preparatory Seminary had their annual outing on May 31. The day, a rather gloomy one overhead, was spent in the woods, on the way to Adyeville.

—The old abbey, that was built many years ago, and long a landmark near the old frame church, has been torn down to make room for a new frame house that is to serve as a dormitory for the workingmen who are employed at the Abbey.

—Father Abbot celebrated Pontifical High Mass in the Abbey Church on Pentecost Sunday.

—Towards evening on the afternoon of Pentecost Rt. Rev. Joseph Chartrand, D. D., Bishop of Indianapolis, arrived from the South for ordinations. At 7:30 p. m. the tonsure was conferred on a class of theologians. At the Bishop's Mass on Monday morning the minor orders of ostiary and lector were given to eighteen candidates, while twenty, who had received these orders last year, were promoted to the offices of exorcist and acolyte. At the same Mass the subdiaconate, the lowest of the major orders, was conferred upon fifteen.

—Tuesday, June 7, was the great day of the ordinations. The outgoing class numbered twenty-four. Many visitors came from among both clergy and laity. The church was packed to the doors. The ordinations took place at Pontifical High Mass. Those who received the order of priesthood at this Mass were Revs. Anthony Weinzaepfel, James Jansen, John Bankowski, Francis Early, Joseph Grothaus, John Holloran, James Moore, Frederic Niehaus, Joseph Brown, William Davis,

William Strange, and George Dunn, for the Diocese of Indianapolis; Fathers John Thuis and Fintan Baltz, O. S. B., for the Abbey; William Oberste and Joseph Sullivan, for Corpus Christi; John Kunkel, for Boise City. The following were ordained some days later by their respective ordinaries: Paul Kunkel and Joseph Pingsterhaus, for Belleville; Leo Debes, Wenzel Beran, Leon McNeill, and Anthony Mages, for Wichita; Cornelius Hooiveld, for Louisville.

—Many of the new priests celebrated their first Masses on Trinity Sunday. Among these were Fathers John and Fintan. The former offered up the Holy Sacrifice for the first time in the Old Cathedral at Vincennes, his two brothers, Fathers Columban, O. S. B., and Stephen, O. S. B., assisting. Sister Rose Dolores, his only sister, was present both at the ordination and at the first Mass. Father Thomas Schaefers, O. S. B., preached the festive sermon.—Father Thomas preached likewise on the following Thursday at the first Mass of Rev. Paul Kunkel, at Carlyle, Ill. The latter also has two brothers in the priesthood and a sister in the convent.—Father Fintan went to Nashville, Tenn., his home, for the celebration of his first Mass. His brother Aloysius, who intends to enter the novitiate at St. Meinrad this summer, was also at the altar. Sister Agnes Clare, who belongs to a Franciscan sisterhood, was permitted to attend both the ordination and the first Mass. Father Lambert Enslinger, O. S. B., preached at the first Mass.

—Father Abbot gave the religious habit and veil to nine young women who began their year's novitiate in the Benedictine convent at Ferdinand on June 9. Six novices pronounced their first vows on the same occasion.

—Corpus Christi is always religiously observed at St. Meinrad, which is one of the few chosen spots in our country that can observe on the day proper the feast in the spirit of the Church. For days before many hands are busy weaving wreaths and making garlands and festoons. The church is decorated and the way is prepared for the coming of the Lord, Jesus in the Holy Eucharist. Thursday morning, the day of the feast, which elsewhere is usually transferred to the following Sunday, finds many busy putting the finishing touches to the decorations on wayside shrines and altars. The pomp and solemnity of the grand outdoor procession has to be seen to be fully appreciated.

—On Friday, June 17, the summer vacation opened. The poetry of the home-goings of former days—with early rising, driving some eleven or twelve miles by team to the station—is now a thing of the past. In the new order of things the bus comes to door, gathers up the students, and delivers them at Evansville or Louisville in less time than it formerly required to drive to the station.

—With the closing of school the Rev. Professors scattered in various directions. Fathers Charles, Meinrad, Hilary, Stephen, and Peter are continuing or completing the courses taken up at Notre Dame University. Fathers Aemilian, Norbert, Maurus, Matthew, and James, who teach at Jasper, are also doing post-gradu-

ate work at the University. Father Gregory, who has been performing parochial duties for the past two years, is likewise at the U. Father Placidus returned to Chicago to continue his course in art. Those engaged in parochial work at Louisville are Fathers Dominic, at St. Benedict Church, Richard, at St. William Church, Anselm, at St. Ann Church. At Evansville are Fathers Albert, at St. Joseph Church, Ignatius and Eberhard, at St. Benedict Church. Father Paul is relieving Father Gregory at Fulda. Fathers Thomas and Cyril are holding forth on the west bank of the Mississippi—the former at Blessed Sacrament Church, Hannibal, Mo., the latter, at Portage des Sioux, Mo. Father Boniface is spending the vacation in seeking to restore his shattered energy. Father Ildephonse is having physical repairs made at Chicago.

—Retreat opened on the morning of June 17 and closed with Vespers on the 21st. Father Henry Courtney, O. S. B., of Atchison, Kansas, conducted the spiritual exercises, which fell within the octave of Corpus Christi.

### Book Notices

"The Song of the Lost Vocations," a reprint from the Fast East, which appeared also in *THE GRAIL* for May, is now issued in leaflet form with a quotation from the "Little Flower" and a prayer for guidance in the choice of a state of life. Published by the Chinese Mission Society, St. Columbans, Nebr. Price, 50 for 25¢, 100 for 40¢ plus postage.

The International Catholic Truth Society, 407 Bergen St., Brooklyn, N. Y., has recently issued two booklets that are suitable for the bookrack at the church door: *Perils of Godless Education*, by F. J. Remler, C. M., at 5¢ per copy, at special rate by the 100; *A Timely Apologia—Gov. Alfred E. Smith's Reply to Mr. Charles C. Marshall*, with Editorial Comments on the Reply and Statements by Prominent Non-Catholics. Price, 10¢; at special rate by the 100.

Souvenir of the Golden Jubilee of the Catholic Knights of America, a reprint in booklet form of the April number of the *C. K. of A. Journal*, to which reference has been made in these pages. The C. K. of A. is a fraternal insurance order that was established in 1877 by the Rt. Rev. Patrick Feehan, then Bishop of Nashville, later Archbishop of Chicago. In the fifty years of its existence the C. K. of A. has distributed to 80,000 widows and orphans the sum of nearly \$26,000,000. Dr. F. Gaudin, Godchaux Bldg., New Orleans, is Supreme President of the organization.

*The Joys and the Sorrows of the Pagan Children in the Land of Africa*, by John Emonts, C. S. J., a mission book for little folks in America, comes from the Sacred Heart Mission House, Sainte Marie, Illinois. (Price, 75¢.) This booklet of 158 pages is a Golden Jubilee number of the Society of the Sacred Heart. The author labored for many years as a missionary among the Africans. He is, therefore, able to picture the life, habits, and customs of the pagan children in that distant land.

*The United States—A History for the Upper Grades of Catholic Schools*, by William H. J. Kennedy, Ph. D., and Sister Mary Joseph, Ph. D., (published by Benziger Brothers, New York, Cincinnati, Chicago—list price \$1.60) is a valuable acquisition for the study of history

in Catholic schools. Whilst recounting the great deeds of war and the far nobler deeds of peace, this history conveys a comprehensive idea of the important services Catholics have rendered from the time of the discovery of America to the present day. An appendix to the volume contains valuable bits of miscellaneous information, and the accompanying Teacher's Manual has extensive instructions, suggestions, and references.

L. R.

*Fifty Years in Conflict and Triumph* (bound in cloth, \$1.50) is published by the Xavier Alumni sodality in the City of New York in memory of the celebration of the Golden Jubilee of the Rev. John J. Wynne, S. J., as a member of the Society of Jesus. Copies of this book may be obtained from the Universal Knowledge Foundation, 19 Union Square W., New York City.

*Old World Foundations and the United States—A Textbook for Catholic Parochial Schools*, by William H. J. Kennedy, Ph. D., Dean of Teachers' College in the City of Boston, and Sister Mary Joseph, Ph. D., supervisor of parochial schools, Sisters of St. Dominic, Caldwell, N. J. 375 pages. (List price \$1.28; Benziger Brothers publishers.) This is a very practical history that gives briefly the principal data. The text is fine; the illustrations are well selected. For the teacher there is a handy manual that will be very helpful in presenting the text matter.

A. B.

From the Christopher Publishing House, 1140 Columbus Ave., Boston, we have the following: (1) *The Amazing Finale*, by Ida M. H. Starr (\$1.50 net); *When Knights are Cold*, by L. B. & C. Bliss C.; (\$1.25 net); *Other Worlds*, by O. J. Schuster, (\$1.50 net).

*The Amazing Finale* is a remarkable story of a woman who led a dream life—a dream realized, with glimpses of a life so attractive as to bring to thousands, who are caught in the modern rush, a new vision of what life can be made, if they have sufficient will power to make it such.

*When Knights are Cold*, is a story told in letters. There is always something attractive about letters. These will be read with great interest. Through an error in the bookbinding the copy under review happens to contain some pages of a book on another topic.

*Astronomy* is the subject of *Other Worlds*. On interesting voyages in the Magis Ship Mintaka the reader roams about and learns to know our earth and the other planets as the scientists have thus far succeeded in exploring them.

A. B.

Last month we called attention to *Universal Knowledge, A Dictionary and Encyclopedia of Arts and Sciences, History and Biography, Law, Literature, Religions, Nations, Races, Customs, and Institutions*, which is edited by Edward A. Pace, Ph. D., D. D., Conde B. Palley, Ph. D., LL. D., Thomas J. Shahan, D. D., James J. Walsh, M. D., Ph. D., John J. Wynne, S. J., S. T. D., assisted by numerous collaborators. (Published by the Universal Knowledge Foundation, 19 Union Sq. W., New York City.) When completed, this dictionary will consist of twelve volumes.—This is a monumental work, one the need of which has long been felt in English-speaking lands. Volume one, with its 1694 columns, takes only the letter A to Azymites. The articles, which are written by experts, are not too extensive, yet sufficiently long to contain all necessary information. The maps that fall under A are printed in colors; the numerous half-tone engravings, which are printed on glazed paper, have been well chosen. The printers and the bookbinders have jointly produced a volume that is entirely worthy of the subject matter. It is to be hoped that this great undertaking finds the support it so richly deserves. We pray that the work may be completed as speedily as its editors desire.

A. B.

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Conducted by CLARE HAMPTON

## Hidden Gold

### CHAPTER XIII

#### THE VACATION TRIP

FIRST Communion Day was a beautiful, inviting morning of the "rare June kind," all Nature decked out in its best, the sky blue and crystal clear, the robins and sparrows making a riotous clamor fit to burst their little hearts with the mere ecstasy of living. On the Friday preceding Maud had received baptism in the beautiful convent chapel, taking for sponsors a schoolmate and her brother. Sunday morning Madame fussed about and insisted on dressing Maud with her own hands. Jasper gave her a gold chain and cross as a present, but, as the pious nuns had insisted on the entire absence of jewelry, the grateful child begged Jasper not to feel bad if she left the treasured gift at home until after Mass. Jasper, of course, understood perfectly, and agreed that it was a fitting arrangement.

After her wreath and veil were arranged to Madame's entire satisfaction, Maud noticed that the latter was not making any effort to dress.

"Madame dear, aren't you coming to church to see me?" Reluctantly the lady shook her head.

"Oh, Madame—please! I won't be perfectly happy unless you come. Don't you want my day to be perfect?" Thus abjured, Madame felt she could hardly refuse. So she replied:

"I'll think about it, Maudie. You go on ahead, and I'll come later with Jasper, if I come at all. Hurry now, so you will be there at 7:30 as Mother Morris told you." Maud stood on tiptoe for a kiss, whispering another, "You'll come, sure now?" And then Jasper enfolded her, reverently kissed her, and made the sign of the cross on her forehead. Then she was gone. A sudden dilemma had come over him; he had promised to call for Jamie Burnell at the orphanage. How call for him now, without betraying to his wife all about the orphanage? He turned it over and over in his mind, but could find no good way out of the predicament. Shall he let Cynthia know to what use her Penn Street house had been put? Knowing the change of heart she had lately gone through, he wondered whether the time were ripe for such a revelation, or whether she would raise a storm.

However, by the time he had finished dressing, he

decided that he would not tell her just yet; he would take her to the chapel, and then go off by himself to get Jamie.

"Cynthia, are you coming?" he asked.

"Yes; ready in a moment." Then, seeing him smile, she added, "I couldn't bear to disappoint Maud."

"Of course not."

So he escorted her to the chapel, and at the door, he said, "You go ahead and take a seat; I will go down and get Jimmie Burnell." She nodded in the affirmative, satisfied.

And so Madame witnessed for the first time a First Communion in a convent chapel, and the sight of the veiled, white-clad girls, so pure and innocent-looking, moved her strangely, and she could not restrain the tears that gushed, unbidden, from her eyes. Nor was hers the only heart that was moved; the pretty chapel was packed with parents and relatives of the communicants, while the nuns knelt, as usual, all along the sides in their stalls, and there was hardly a dry eye in the place. The wave of religious feeling that overpowered Cynthia's heart during the entire ceremony made her long to plunge herself into the depths of religion for comfort in her own private troubles. But alas, some demon jealously stood guard and kept repeating: "Bah! You are beyond the pale! The idea of you trying to be religious! You? Bah! Not with your record!" And, poor soul, she went home uncomfited, believing indeed, that religion was not for such as she. "I'll just have to brazen it out," she told herself despairingly. "If things become too thick, there is only one thing for me to do."

The nuns gave a festive breakfast to the first communicants down in the refectory, as they were to remain for High Mass, so Maud did not arrive home until nearly noon. Jasper, Madame, and Jamie went home together, and on the way, Madame asked him many questions, and tried to be pleasant in her dignified way. She was not pleased with his polite replies, and Jasper wished vainly that he might possess the lad, but he felt that it might not be wise to reopen the question.

Just then he was canvassing the river district for the orphanage sisters, seeking out neglected children, or such as were being unwillingly kept by others after the death of their parents. In this way he was daily bringing new little guests to the orphanage, where their rags were exchanged for decent raiment, and hollow cheeks and thin bodies filled out by wholesome food.

But he still did not forget, now and then, to give his old time treats to his little friends of the slums, such as still had parents, and as such were ineligible to the orphanage, though oftentimes living poverty-stricken lives. Sometimes, too, he gave himself the pleasure of sending to the orphanage a ten-gallon can of ice cream, or a huge box of lollipops, or a case or two of delectable little cakes, such as little folks love.

He never had any money left by the end of the week, though often he himself stood in need of something new for himself; however, he felt unaccountably guilty and selfish whenever he finally decided to purchase some needed article, and often turned away in the very act of entering a store, and bought something for Maud or Cynthia instead. "You are an incorrigible spendthrift," Madame told him severely at one time, but he only smiled and replied, "God grant I may never be smitten with money-lust, except it be to use for some good purpose."

But to return to the First Communion Day. It passed off very smoothly and happily, and James seemed to enjoy everything immensely, romping about with Maud, yet never forgetting his manners, and showing himself to be, in every way, a well-bred boy.

The First Communion marked the closing of the school year, and, that evening, after Jasper had brought James back to the orphanage, he told Madame to begin to prepare in real earnest for her trip to the mountains. The day before he had brought a sheaf of railroad folders, and now, Maud being tucked safely in bed, they began to peruse them together.

"I can't say for sure, but I am going to try to be ready in a week," said Cynthia. "I'll have to have about five new dresses, and so will Maud, but of course, this will be no great expense, as I have all the materials on hand, and my girls will make them. If they aren't all finished by the end of the week, we will take what clothes we have, and you may ship on the others as they are completed."

We will skip over the details of the following week, which were all hurry and bustle, and go to meet Maud and Madame as they alight from the train at the rustic little station in the Adirondacks. Although the heat of the on-coming summer was already making itself felt in the city, here they were obliged to wear their heavy coats, and as they entered the waiting motor, and saw their baggage being loaded on, they noted with wonder the crystal clearness of the air, and the strong, piney odor.

Soon they were winding upwards by a gentle ascent, through wonderful forests, passing now and then over a rushing, boiling stream, bridged over with the double purpose of providing at once a scenic and safe route for motorists. The waters sparkled like diamonds where the sun shone upon them, while in the shadows they were of varying shades of emerald. Maud often drew in her breath sharply as some new wonder of Nature was opened out before her novice eyes, but Madame's only feeling was one of intense relief—surcease from the relentless haunting of her "phantoms." Here no one could bother her; here there was no chance

of meeting persons one had no desire to meet. All was serene and still—such a heavenly stillness, that when the car at last reached the rustic lodge where they were to stay, and they alighted, and the man shut off his engine, the extreme quiet seemed to press inward upon their ear drums.

The lodge was a large one, and the long, rustic veranda held quite a few guests, who were either reading, talking to each other, or just sunning themselves in silence. Madame felt sure their stay was going to be a happy one, for, as soon as they had their effects placed in their room, they both went out on the upper porch to which one of the low windows gave access, being arranged with a small paneled door beneath the sill. There they seated themselves in the inviting sunshine, in the rockers provided for the purpose, and for the first time in many, many months, Madame allowed herself to relax completely. Not for a long time had she felt herself so free from worry, and she wished it might last indefinitely. But she knew that could not be.

Many amusements were provided for the guests; hunting and fishing parties were arranged daily for whoever wished to accompany the guide; there was a ballroom, where dances, parties, and socials were held nightly; hiking and motoring parties set out daily, sometimes remaining overnight at some other inn or lodge and returning next day. So there were no dull moments for those who possessed energy, and wished to be constantly on the go. But as for Madame, she seldom accompanied any of these expeditions, except perhaps a motoring party now and then, which presented the least fatigue. For she had come to rest and regain her lost poise. But alas for poor Madame's peace of mind! A week had hardly passed, but something occurred, which tore down again whatever she had gained in her momentary rest.

Back in the city a certain troublesome woman was debating just how to disturb her enemy's ease, and having phoned, and learned that Madame was out of town, she had gone home, dressed in her most expensive clothes, and hired a car to take her to the Salon. On the way she smiled to herself whimsically, and narrowed her eyes in keen enjoyment of the trick she meant to play, and the slow unfolding of her revenge.

"Now let me see," she mused. "Who will receive the benefaction this time? In last week's paper I read that the Bethesda Home for crippled children is in need of larger quarters, and that a drive is being made for funds. Very well; the Bethesda Home will receive whatever I can squeeze out of her. It shall be a gift of irony in reparation for her desertion of those who needed her so sorely." Again she laughed lightly to herself. "Ha, ha, how that sister opened her eyes last time when I presented the five hundred to her! If she but knew!"

But presently the car stopped at 2618 Lincoln Ave., and it was eleven o'clock of the morning, a time when she knew Jasper would not be about, and only the girls would be working in the Salon. So she entered in her best West End style, and approached Annie, who hastened to attend to the well-dressed customer.

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"Is Madame in?" she asked.

"No ma'am. Madame is gone on a vacation trip. Is there anything I can do for you?" The visitor knitted her brows in displeasure.

"Pshaw! I did so want to see her. It is a matter of importance about a court gown I wish to have made here before sailing for Spain, where I will be presented to the King and Queen. Couldn't you advise me of her address, so that I might write her?" Annie was completely taken in.

"Oh, certainly, Madam. She said in all matters of importance to communicate with her at this address." And she wrote down the name of the lodge in the mountains where Madame and Maud were staying.

The two of them were gone on a motor trip when the new guest arrived at the lodge, and they did not return until next morning. It was eleven o'clock, and the newcomer had been sitting for about an hour on the veranda reading, or pretending to read, a magazine, but in reality she was alive to every sound that might indicate the return of the motoring party. Presently she heard the chug of an engine in the distance; then, as the car came into view, she arose and retired to the rear of the veranda, where she might easily slip into a side door, for she did not intend to be recognized at once. Her plans were too subtle for that.

Her chance did not come until in the afternoon, when the veranda was quite deserted, most everyone having gone into their rooms for a nap, or off on a hike of some kind. Madame alone sat slowly rocking to and fro, a book in her lap, but preferring rather to just feast her eyes on the beautiful landscape and relax. She leaned with her elbow on the arm of her chair, paying no attention to the light step behind her, until a voice addressed her with:

"Well! Enjoying your vacation?" With a start of horror, Madame turned, and then felt paralyzed in her seat.

"Gracious heavens!" she cried. "Can I get no rest anywhere, but you must hound me about every place I go?" With an insinuating smile Eleanor seated herself beside the one who loved her so little.

"Don't make a scene now, pet; people can see you through the windows. I just came about that little matter I spoke of back in town."

"Who gave you my address?" asked Cynthia roughly.

"Your head woman, my dear; but don't blame her. I disguised myself as Mrs. Rockefeller looking for you to make up a court gown for me, and she fell into the net at once. Don't blame the poor girl, I beg of you. But to return to business—" Her voice was suave and smooth.

"Business! I have no business with you whatever!" replied Madame.

"Oh, then, I must refresh your mind. You remember I spoke of going to the seashore, and the cost of going there is quite high, while my clothes are simply a fright; I haven't anything decent to wear. Now, if you could let me have—"

"Of all the nerve! Where is it written that I must

pay for your vacations and your clothes?" Eleanor smiled patiently.

"Well, Cynthia, what a short memory you have! You seem to forget that I can see your husband most any day I wish and acquaint him—"

"Blackmail! That's what it is! Blackmail!" cried Madame hotly.

"Call it anything you wish, my dear. My terms remain the same."

"Huh! Do you know that you can be imprisoned for blackmail?"

"Ah! I would willingly bear imprisonment just for the sake of avenging the wrongs that have been done! But if I tell *him*, *your* punishment will be infinitely worse than mine!" Eleanor had rehearsed her lesson well. Madame burst into tears of anguish, chagrin, rage. Eleanor leaned closer.

"My dear, I do beg of you not to make a scene. If you wish, we will go up to either your room or mine, where we can converse with more privacy."

"Hurry up! How much do you want this time?" snapped out Madame, dashing away her tears angrily. "I have no wish to tête-a-tête with you anywhere. Name your 'pound of flesh,' and be quick about it!"

"I think one thousand will be plenty." This quite coolly. Madame stared.

"Do you think I'm made of money?"

"No; but you can spare it very well, I know."

"I haven't that much with me." Eleanor arched her brows wisely.

"But you can go down to town, and telegraph your bank to wire you the thousand to the local bank."

"How clever you are!" sneered Madame, rising and preparing to obey the dictates of one she most cordially detested. Alone in her room, she threw up her arms in anguish and cried out half-whispered, choking words:

"My God! My God! You are punishing me for the wrongs I have done! Oh how terribly You can punish! Oh, God, forgive me!" And she fell on her knees and sobbed into her pillow. Then despair seemed to close about her like a wall. "Oh, God, how You must hate me! If she can punish so relentlessly, how much more terrible will be *Your* punishment!" And she remained there until her heart seemed paralyzed and quite devoid of feeling. Then she arose, her face grey and lined, and hearing Maud at the door, she opened for her, and explained that she had an errand in town. Maud agreed to remain in the lodge playground, where every sort of contraption for the amusement of children was installed.

That night Cynthia made a decision. "Maud, dear, come help me pack; we are going home."

"Home!" cried Maud surprised. "Why, Madame, we haven't been here even two weeks!"

"I have urgent business at home, dear. And don't call me 'Madame' any more. It doesn't sound well. I noticed people looked up when they heard you. Call me Cynthia." But Maud was not pleased. She came and shyly put her arm about Madame's neck.

"Madame dear—I mean, Cynthia—oh, that sounds so strange—listen—couldn't I call you mother? Please!"

Madame's head remained strangely bowed, and she dared not look up into the innocent child's face. Then two hot tears fell upon Maud's hand.

"Oh, you're crying! All right, I'll call you Cynthia then."

"No, no, child! You've made me so happy that I cannot help crying. It will be so sweet to have you call me mother. Please do!" And she suddenly raised her head, her eyes brimming with tears, and crushed Maud to her aching heart.

(To be continued)

### Unreasoning Hatreds

Haven't you an acquaintance or a friend who at some time or other made the statement, "I hate her, don't you?" And you will turn in surprise, and find that this acquaintance of yours, or friend, whichever it may be, pointed out to you someone whom you have always admired, of whom you have always thought as having lovely ways, and being very agreeable indeed? And if you answered her, "No; why?" She would answer you, "Oh, she has a hateful look in her eyes, haven't you noticed it?" Or, "Oh, she has horrid rabbit teeth, and her face is full of blackheads?" or some such foolish reason. And haven't you felt in some unexplainable way that this person you admired has been besmirched, like a white marble statue, at which someone threw a clod of pasty black mud? And you resented it, didn't you, and if you had spirit, you defended the person warmly, and politely but unmistakably rebuked the mud thrower?

Perhaps you looked more closely the next time, and discovered what you never noticed before, that one of the lovely brown eyes was slightly out of focus, thus causing what the uncharitable acquaintance called a "hateful look." And you felt sorry and ashamed that one who had been born perfect, with straight-growing teeth and no skin blemishes, should "hate" another, whose teeth persisted in growing outward, in spite of all the dentists' braces she used, and whose skin kept giving her trouble, despite a doctor's care, and the creams and lotions which he prepared. As if that were not a reason for redoubled kindness to be shown the afflicted one, and a complete disregard of her blemishes, of which doubtless she is most painfully aware.

There are people like that; they stand on the high pedestal of their own perfection and look haughtily down upon others, picking flaws in everybody but themselves. Do they realize that this is the most despicable sort of pride, and that "pride always precedes a fall"? When they are humbled by some just dispensation of Providence, these are the people who cry out loudest.

### Mayonnaise

Mayonnaise dressing has been known for centuries, having been originated in Bayonne, France, back in 1300 A. D., when a sauce prepared from egg yolks and oil was first invented by a noted French cook who wished to surprise and delight his master and guests

with something new. Ever since those guests first tasted it, this sauce has been considered a great delicacy, and one which required great skill and art and patience to concoct successfully. It has always been considered an appetizing relish, but it is only within recent years that its true value as a food has come to be recognized.

Because of the eggs and oil it contains, it has a high caloric value, and contains both Vitamin "A" and "B," and it is not to be used simply as a condiment to make other foods attractive, but is a food in itself worthy to take its place on the table with butter, cheese, and other staple articles of diet. Eggs are known to be rich in protein, while olive or salad (cotton seed) oil is rich in fats, and useful as body fuel, producing heat.

Some housewives use vinegar in its preparation, while others prefer lemon juice to produce the tartness desired. The trick in making this delectable sauce is to add the ingredients alternately, a little at a time, until all is used, beating constantly; if oil is added too rapidly, the dressing will curdle. Another point to remember is to have the oil thoroughly chilled. A good recipe is the following:

Mix 1 teaspoonful mustard, 1 teaspoonful salt, 1 tablespoonful sugar, and a few grains of cayenne pepper. (Sugar and mustard may be omitted if not liked.) Add two egg yolks, and when well mixed,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon lemon juice. Then add two cups of olive or salad oil, drop by drop at first, and stirring constantly. As it begins to thicken, alternate the oil with lemon juice, a little at a time, until three tablespoons of lemon juice have been used. Vinegar may be substituted, if desired.

### Ham as a Summer Dish

"I always have a ham in the house, especially in summer," said one housewife, noted for her excellent cookery. "As soon as we use one up, I go down to the porkhouse, buy another, boil it myself, and keep it handy." It is true; summer is the time for enjoyment of the great outdoors. Impromptu picnics, unexpected guests from the next state, motoring through, made-to-order porch parties, the children running in from play with prodigious appetites, the snack at bedtime after an evening of motoring—all are the order of the day, and ham is the one wholesome food which fits in on all of these occasions, as it is a food relished by all.

No matter what the emergency, one has always that satisfied feeling of something appetizing in the larder, ready at hand when there is no time to prepare something more elaborate, or a foundation for a more elaborate meal, if there is plenty of time. To boil a ham, cover with cold water, bring to a boil, and then simmer slowly until meat is tender. Allow about 15 minutes for each pound of ham. If a slightly sweet taste is liked, add a tablespoon of sugar for each pound.

If baked ham is liked, boil first as above, then, with a sharp knife, remove the skin, and stick whole cloves into the fat about an inch apart. Then cover the top with brown sugar to which a teaspoonful of mustard has been added, and put into baking pan with two cups

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cider or cider vinegar. The vinegar from sweet pickles of any kind is excellent for this. Bake one hour, basting every ten minutes.

To stuff a ham, cut along the lean side to the bone, after boiling; carefully remove bone and fill cavity with two cups of bread crumbs mixed with one cup of sausage meat and one egg. Tie with a string and bake as above. For a boiled dinner, save the liquor in which the ham has been boiled, add fresh water until it is only slightly salty. Peel and cut up carrots and turnips, or quartered heads of cabbage, and boil in this liquid. Pile on platter around the ham and serve.

### Recipes

**COCOANUT CREAM CAKE:**  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup butter, 1 cup sugar, 3 eggs, 2 cups pastry flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon vanilla,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup milk. Cream butter and sugar, add eggs beaten, then milk, last flour sifted with baking powder. Bake in moderate oven about 15 minutes. This makes two thick or three thin layers. For icing, cook 2 cups sugar and  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup water until it threads and pour over beaten whites of 3 eggs, beating meanwhile, until creamy. Add  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon rose extract or vanilla. Sprinkle cocoanut on cake after spreading icing.

**BEEF LOAF WITH RICE:** Take one or two pounds fresh ground beef, add three slices of bread soaked in milk and well pressed, two eggs, salt, pepper, half a minced onion, some chopped celery and parsley, and  $\frac{1}{3}$  teaspoon ground nutmeg. Mix well, shape, and place in casserole. Top with pieces of bacon and surround with  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup of water. When partly done, fill in dish around meat with boiled rice, dot rice with butter and return to oven until meat is done.

### Household Hints

White and light felt hats may be cleaned by rubbing with hot soda and water or ammonia, using an old tooth brush. Then cover hat with paste made of pipe clay and chalk, mixed to a paste with water. Let dry and brush.

Light colored caps and tams are beautifully cleaned by scrubbing with a brush dipped in thick, dry suds of white soap. Rinse with a sponge wrung out of warm water, stuff with paper, shape, and hang up to dry.

When floor borders are too old and ugly, and cannot be reclaimed without a lot of back-breaking work, purchase oil cloth of hardwood design, the kind with the high gloss, and fit neatly about rug. Then give one coat of varnish, and keep it waxed like hardwood, and your borders will be a joy.

If you have no feathers handy, the ravelings of silk stockings will do nicely for fancy cushions; shredded newspapers, slightly crushed, also make good stuffing for fancy pillows.

When leather seats become too shabby, cover with a good piece of heavy tapestry cloth or velour. If seats are removable, this should be an easy matter. The chair will look like new.

### Children's Corner

(Continued from page 133)

supposed to be the largest amusement park in the state of Pennsylvania.

Well, Aunt Agnes, hoping this may be adequate for the first attempt, I will try to write often.

Hoping to hear soon from some of the cornerites with whom I would love to correspond, I remain, Matilda E. F. Vesonder, 23 Patterson Ave., Duquesne, Pa.

Dear Aunt Agnes:

This will be my second letter to you, begging for admittance to your little club. I am a young girl, will be eighteen in August and am fond of writing and receiving letters. Mother has taken the Grail for several years now, but I never read the Letter Box with much interest until lately. I have written to many boys and girls, that are Cornerites and have received answer to every one of my letters. I have also made a most sincere friend, living in New York City, which is only across the Hudson from me, and we have planned many enjoyable times this summer. I was born in Jersey and have lived my eighteen years here and consider it the dearest spot on earth. Some day, dear Aunt Agnes, if my life's ambition is realized, I hope to become an author. I have written a great number of stories, and my intimate friends have been my critics. They have not found much fault with my stories. I am at present holding a wonderful position in New York City, as a private secretary to a lawyer and it is rather interesting at times. I promise to answer each letter that any of the dear Cornerites may send me so I hope within the next few weeks my mail box will be full each day....

I will bring this letter to a close as I think you are becoming bored with my continued chatter. With hopes of seeing this in one of the future Grails I will close with hopes of continued success for your dear little Corner.

Most sincerely, Terry A. Downes, 25 Eastern Parkway, Jersey City, N. J.

P. S. My nickname is Terry, my right name being Mary.

### "Exchange" Smiles

**IN MEMORY OF OUR FATHER:** "Gone to join his appendix, his tonsils, his olfactory nerves, his kidney, his eardrum, and a leg prematurely removed by a hospital surgeon who craved the experience."—Selected.

"Ah's gwine to de pahty t'night," said Sambo, "but fus' Ah's gotta go home and change muh clothes."

"Change yuh clothes! Boy, when yuh buttons yuh coat, yuh trunk am locked," suggested his companion.—Ex.

"What is the difference between a 'biography' and an 'autobiography,'" asked the teacher. After mature deliberation, Tommy wrote: "A 'biography' is about a good man, such as a bishop; but a 'naughty biography' is the life of a lady."—Ex.

A little boy brought back a book to the library but he forgot what book he was to get in exchange.

"Has your mother read 'Freckles,'" answered the librarian.

"No ma'am," replied the boy, "they are all brown."

Grandpa, in a speedy car,  
Pushed the throttle down too far.  
Twinkle, twinkle, little star,  
Music by the G. A. R.—Ex.

